Music, Poetry and Art - 1918

WILL MARION COOK ON NE

The New York Age Negro Page 9 Mar 18

BY WILL MARION COOK

NEGRO music is on the ascendancy. However, the height it is to reach within the next few years depends largely on the efforts of our colored musicians in the United States to bring this distinctive type of American music prominently before the public.

It is, therefore, due to the full realization of the important part the colored musician must play at this time in aiding Negro music on its upward flight that I have become directly and enthusiastically interested in the proposed tour of the New York Clef Club Orchestra in November, which will be undertaken for the express purpose of fostering and developing the best Negro music.

The plan now being worked out will be to present sixty efficient instrumentalists and singers from the old spirituals to the standard works of modern Negro composers. While the tour will be under my musical direction I will be assisted by such promising musicians as Frederick M. Bryan and Allie Ross.

The itinerary will include Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Cincinnati Cleveland, Chicago and possibly St Louis. From this big effort it is hoped that colored musicians from all over the United States will become actively associated with the movement to exploit Negro music, and later on we look forward to this co-operative spirit making itself sufficiently felt as to provide for the establishment of a national school of Negro music, one where the colored child may secure instruction regardless of financial condition.

The Negro music of America gained a foothold in this country between 1619 and 1850, when members of the race were heard in songs of sorrow, of joy, of humor and sentiment, which were the natural growth of a people musically inclined in Africa and whose melodious outpourings were intensified by conditions of slavery.

Then from 1850 to 1865 came the minstrel songs full of character, but less lofty of sentiment and less true of real Negro aspiration and inspiration.

Next was the advent of the jubilee singers in 1870, generally conceded as an artistic triumph.

From 1875 to 1888 there was no further development in Negro music. This temporary stagnancy was due to the fact that the American Negro had been so thoroughly taught by the American white man that his color, condition and accomplishment were inferior, that the younger generation at once threw aside all tradition. Any reference to the past became a disgrace.

Except in a few schools in the South, to sing jubilee melodies to a Negro audience was an insult and often led to the dismissal of the teacher urging them. The Moody and Sankey hymns were used exclusively in our churches and schools—the glorious old slave hymns and spirituals frowned upon as "reminding us of a past full of shame and misery."

Talented Negroes sought in their musical study to eradicate all traces of that individual character which has attracted the attention of the world. Result: Milk and water imitations of inferior white musicians.

About 1898 marked the starting and quick growth of the so-called "ragtime." As far back as 1875 Negroes in questionable resorts along the Mississippi had commenced to evolve this musical figure, but at the World's Fair in Chicago "ragtime" got a running start and swept the Americas, next Europe, and today the craze has not diminished.

There was a good reason for the instantaneous hit made by "ragtime." The public was tired of sing-song, samey, monotonous, mother, sister, father sentimental songs. "Ragtime" offered unique rythms, curious groupings of words and melodies which gave the zest of unexpectedness. Many Negroes—Irving Jones, Will Accooe, Bob Cole the Johnson brothers, Gussie L. Davis Sid Perrin, Ernest Hogan, Williams and Walker and others wrote some of the most celebrated songs of the day. In other instances white actors and song writers would hear in St. Louis such melodies as "New Bully," "Hot Time," etc., and change the words (often unprintable) and publish them as their own creations.

Rennaissance of Negro Music.

At this time came Dvorak. He saw that from this people, even though their material had been debased, must come a great school of music, not necessarily national, but rather new and characteristic.

A few earnest Negro music students felt as did Dvorak. They studied the man, so broad, genial and human, carefully and thoroughly.

Some Negroes of real musical accomplishment—Harry T. Burleigh, a pupil of Dvorak, is baritone soloist at St George's Church, New York City, and sings in the choir of the Temple Emanu El, 44th street and Fifth avenue. He is musical editor at Ricordi's, the leading operatic publishing house of the world.

Nathaniel Dett, a young man who was graduated from the Oberlin School of Music, is now director of music at Hampton Institute. He has developed "Listen to the Lambs" and other compositions and has proven his right to be taken seriously by the musical public.

J. Rosamond Johnson has shown marked versatility as a composer, having attracted attention both as a writer of Negro music and popular numbers. He is now giving much of his time to the development of the Music School Settlement in Harlem, of which he is head.

Carl Diton, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is a thorough master of the science of music. For two years he was a student in Germany. At present he is teaching music at Talladega College. His admirers feel that this young musician has a bright future as a composer.

It is quite often the case that the composer of music is inspired by the lyricist. The wonderful poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar have more than once moved me to write Negro melodies, as have lyrics by Alex. Rogers, James W. Johnson and Lester, A. Walton.

Last, but greater than all of these, I must name a comedian, not a musician or a lyricist, George W. Walker, the late lamented partner of Bert A. Williams. His has been the greatest influence in the development of modern Negro music. At twenty-eight he could not read a note and could hardly read his name, yet day and night he talked Negro music to his people, urged and compelled his writers to give something characteristic. Each year he wanted bigger and better things. He engaged the best Negro voices in the United States and their success in ensemble singing was as great in London, Paris and Berlin as in New York, Boston and Chicago. Dvorak would have been proud to know such a man. In all reverence—Dvorak-George Walker. They had high ideals and they showed the way.

Developed Negro music has just begun in America. The colored American is finding himself. He has thrown aside puerile imitations of the white man. He has learned that a thorough study of the masters gives knowledge of what is good and how to create. From the Russian he has learned to get his inspiration from within; that his inexhaustible wealth of folklore legends and songs furnish him with material for compositions that will establish a great school of music and enrich musical literature.

AMUSING DISPLAY AT ART INSTITUTE

Exhibit Paintings of Unrestricted, Imaginative New York Children.

RAEMAEKERS' WORK NEXT

Water Colors by Homer, Sargent and Painter-Gravers Coming in April.

MILWAUKEE WIS SENTINEL
MARCH 31, 1918

A radical departure in art education is seen in water color and oil paintings done by children in New York City on exhibition at the Milwaukee Art institute. Most of the work has been done by negro children ranging in age from 7 to 14 years. The work is not interesting as finished products, but shows what the imagination of a child, given water color and paint to use at will, is capable of. The only rule laid down to the children who painted the pictures was to use up all the space. The perspective in some of the pictures is decidedly funny, but originality and good composition is shown in every one. Two pictures of unusual merit are done by children aged 11 and 13 years. The first one is called "A Busted Ford" and the other is a representation of Chinese porcelain work.

The pictures were loaned by the Coady galleries of New York City. R. J. Coady, who has been conducting special classes for children, believes that, while children should not be deprived of the benefit of the world's experience, they should be allowed freedom to paint at will so they will not get a false start which results in the crushing of two important things --spontaneity and imagination. Some of these pictures have been purchased by distinguished New York artists.

The April exhibitions in the institute comprise the water colors of Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, 122 original drawings by Raemaekers and the first annual exhibition of the Painter-Gravers of America. This exhibition will open the second week in April.

Three sculptures by Emil Zetterquist, Chicago will be shown, a figure of a flute player and two portrait busts, one of Rudolph the pianist, and the other of Mrs. J. A. Wesener of Chicago.

THOMPSON COMPOSES WAR SONG

De Koven Thompson, who was sung to fame by Mme. Schumann Heinke when she rendered Mr. Thompson's song, "If I Forget," on numerous occasions will again be idolized as a composer when the whole 30,000 men at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., will sing his latest war song, "The Call of the Red, White and Blue." Over 3,000 songs were presented Herbert Gould, U. S. musical director for Camp Grant for the best one to be used at this cantonment. He has headquarters at the Fine Arts building but goes to Camp Grant weekly to hear and direct the music. The words of the song were composed by Sergt. Joseph Gray, 16th Inf., New York, who is "Over There." Thousands of copies are being printed and will be sent to the camp at an early date. Mr. Thompson will go there early in April. Mr. Gould regards the song as the best that has been written since the war has been going on. There are only two verses but they breathe an air of patriotism that has excelled any number written thus far. The news of the number being accepted by Mr. Gould will be hailed with great delight in New York city as Sergt. Gray, who wrote the words, was a member of the Clef club of that city and popular with musicians. De Koven Thompson has collaborated with T. Alfred Anderson. One of Mr. Thompson's songs that still lives is "Dear Lord Remember Me." It is thought by Mr. Gould that "The Call for the Red, White and Blue" will be a song hit of the war period.

The Call of the Red, White and Blue

Our Country's calling from everywhere,
Calling for Volunteers, let us prepare
To guard the flag of our noble land
As in wars before, we must fight once more,
Fight for our freedom grand.

CHORUS

Come boys, get ready, stand by your vow,
Think of those Minute men
Be like them now.
Our Flag, Old Glory
Calls all men true
To fight, yea, even die
For the Red, White and Blue.

Since war has come and destroyed our peace
Our stand for Liberty must never cease,
Let us protect this, our land so fair,
Guard your family, fight to keep them free,
Let each one do their share.

The Chicago Defender May 11 1918.

Folk Themes for Standard Music

THE collection of traditional negro songs—"Old Melodies of the South"—memorized by Mary Gillen on her visits to Alabama plantations and harmonized by Oliver Challoux, and just published will

...rmian appealing themes for large compositions.

Dvorak, the great Bohemian composer, had not sojourned many months in this country when he became interested in negro folk tunes. His "American" or "New World" symphony is distinctive in its plantation flavor and in his "American" quartet he utilizes negro themes, not so boldly as in the symphony, but nevertheless clearly. And his universally popular "Humoresque" is so characteristically southern as to need no word of introduction.

BIRMINGHAM ALA AGE HER
SETTEMBER 16, 1918

John Powell of Richmond, pianovirturoso and composer of high rank, has found inspiration in "The Virginia Reel" and other music first heard in the negro "quarters" off to the rear of the "big house." His brilliant piano piece, "The Banjo," arranged for orchestra and played with especially fine color by the Russian symphony, has nation-wide popularity. Nearly everything that Powell writes is redolent of the soil and few of our tone-poets have contributed so much to art that will live.

Some composers have drawn on the war dances of the Aborigines for symphonic development. But our American Indian is not musical, and has little or no folklore side to him. Themes from the wigwams do not lend themselves, therefore, to musical treatment, albeit MacDowell succeeded in accomplishing something in this direction. The negro is by nature musical and Dvorak was right when he said that in our plantation melodies the composer had a wealth of material for the basis of musical art in its higher forms.

It is reasonable to assume that the Gillen-Chalifoux collection will not long escape the attention of the masters of composition.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS HEARD WITH JOY AT COE VESPERS

CEDAR RAPIDS IA REPUBLICAN
MARCH 19, 1918

The Coe theater was packed for the vesper service Sunday afternoon when the negro [illegible] were sung by the Glee club under the direction of Earle G. Killeen. There was on the renditions the stamp of artistic completeness that is always characteristic of Mr. Killeen's leadership. Everything was done in just the right way. And this may be said of the slight introductions that the director gave to the various songs, in the course of which he gave those who heard them an idea of the religious melodies of the colored folks of this country, as well as of their weird religious emotions.

The only fault that one might find with these exquisite renditions is that they are too short. They seem more like snatches of songs—such as Ophelia sang swinging on the willows. There was so little of each that it seemed evanescent and while one was in the mood of listening there was nothing left except the lingering echoes of the last notes. They are the negro songs in "literary" form, the airs without the methods of the negroes, or even the dialect which would be hard to imitate. These wonderful and haunting melodies are said to have been brought from Africa and they were adopted to America and to Christian conceptions. But they are as American as the songs of the Indians, and both are precious remnants that will eventually be worked into the art American music, if it has not already been done. The numbers sung re "Go Down, Moses," "Weepin' ry," "Nobody Knows de Trouble Seen," "By an' By," "Deep River, Sinner, Please Doan Let dis Harvest Pass," "I Want to Be Ready," ng Low, Sweet Chariot."

me were better than others, but were good. To know and feel them must have the minute-long exations that Mr. Killeen gave his ience—and then you can walk with darkies into Jerusalem, "just like n" did for you will be "ready" for ry.

The melodies are well worth their ow setting—they were arranged by a negro, Mr. Burley, and they ought to live in that form. The whole series, including the talks embraces less than thirty minutes, while a whole evening of them would not be too long.

The work of the Coe College Glee club, composed of women, was [illegible] excellent. Their singing is cultured and cultural. It is one of the best expressions of Coe college—and the music department of the college has done as much, if not more, for the college than any other one department in bringing it into touch with the life of the community, for Mr. Killeen is essentially a community man, a part of Cedar Rapids as well as the college. It is to be hoped that these "spirituals" may be rendered again in this city and that often.

AMERICA HAS MANY FORMS OF FOLK MUSIC

PORTLAND ORE EVE TELEGRAM
JANUARY 19, 1918

Civil War Songs, Negro Ballads and Others All Types of Definite Groups.

Charles Sanford Skilton, professor of theory and history of music, University of Kansas, describes, in the Brooklyn Eagle, the musical situation in America with regard to the ...composer. Whereas in European countries the supply of folk music is inexhaustible, in America it is meager. "Nevertheless," he says, "it does exist, has already exercised influence on American composers, and holds out possibilities for the future. American folk music may be divided into six groups, three of them racial, three sectional. As racial groups, the negro, creole and Indian music, as sectional the New England hymn tunes, the ballads of Stephen Foster and the Civil War songs. A seventh group of cowboy songs is likely to become a factor, if the melodies become available to which are sung the poems in the admirable collection of Professor Lomax of the University of Texas."

"John Brown" and "Dixie."

Professor Skilton finds in the New England hymn tunes a valuable body of religious folk song and in the Civil war songs at least two that are likely to live—"Dixie" and Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The tune of the last is "John Brown's Body," its origin veiled in mystery, but, joined to Mrs. Howe's stirring words, it finds a ready response in the present struggle.

Dr. Louis Elson, in his "History of Music in America," relates that when Sheridan's army passed through Gaines Mill, Ga., the band played the tune, whereupon a company of negro girls issued from an apparently deserted barn, overcoming their terror of the invaders, and performed a ceremonial dance, after which they returned to their concealment. When questioned they said that was a "wedding tune," and any girl who failed to dance when it was played would remain unmarried the rest of her days.

"The ballads of Stephen Foster are the most widely known and popular of American folk song, as almost any public gathering can sing one complete verse of either 'The Old Folks at Home' or 'The Old Kentucky Home.' In one respect they are not true folk songs, as the composer, a white man, has chosen to express himself in negro dialect, a proceeding characteristic of art songs only. In the realm of art they have inspired such works as the masterly setting for stringed orchestra of both of the above named songs by Carl Busch, and several sets of variations, chiefly for organ, by various composers.

Racial Group Most Original.

"Of far greater originality and interest is the racial group, the creole, negro and Indian music. In Louisiana the creoles, of French and Spanish origin, developed a style of folk song, especially among the slave population, in which the natural musical feeling of the negro race was tinged with a Latin piquancy, and the universally religious sentiment of other negro music changed to social and satiric song.

"It is doubtful whether 'Le Bananier,' based on a creole march tune, has been surpassed by any of the modern nationalists as a piano treatment of a folk melody, though it is over half a century old. The Metropolitan Opera company has announced a ballet for the coming season, 'The Dance in the Place Congo,' by Henry F. Gilbert, which will be a further valuable contribution to creole music, to judge from Mr. Gilbert's previous successful treatment of folk themes.

"Negro music in America was a product of the ... slavery and the conditions of plantation life, in which a race of unusual musical temperament ... into contact with a modern civilization and reacted in song. The modern influence is shown in the religious sentiment, practically the prevailing tone of this music, and in the rude four-part harmony, otherwise unknown in primitive music."

Growing Interest in Indian Music.

The growth of interest in Indian music in the past quarter century Professor Skilton thinks, has been remarkable. Although he naturally says nothing of his own contributions to this literature, he mentions that of Arthur Nevin, Cadman and many others. It is perhaps the most promising field of all, but the very immensity of its promise was likely to cut short discussion by a composer already testing Indian themes and melodies as material for orchestral and piano literature.

POWELL RHAPSODIE PROVES MUSIC GEM

DETROIT MICH FREE PRESS
DECEMBER 27, 1918

Pianist's Negro Composition Played by Self and Orchestra, Charms Hearers Here.

After John Powell, American pianist, and the Detroit Symphony orchestra finished playing Mr. Powell's Rhapsodie Negre at Arcadia Thursday evening the audience six times recalled the composer to the platform, only desisting from applause when it was made plain there could be no "extra" number, not even a repetition in part of what had been played. The rhapsodie and its rendition were quite worthy of the recognition received. Mr. Powell's composition is virile, and full of idea worked out in striking ways; it i compact, musically coherent an cleverly, and resourcefully scored and may be considered a thoroughl successful presentation in swif moving kaliedoscopic form of th emotions, passions and impulse o the primitive Negro. Those wh did not hear the composition Thurs day evening will be repaid if the attend the symphony concert Saturday afternoon to listen to it repetition. Indeed, it will be quit worth while to go merely t hear Mr. Powell play, for he is a master of his instrument and he puts into his work at the keyboard the same studiousness and thoughtfulness he put into his composition.

The remainder of the evening's program, a program given over to American composers, was made up of Macdowell's "Indian" suite and Mrs. H. H. Beach's "Symphony in E minor," the latter being presented in somewhat abbreviated form. The beauties of the Macdowell suite have long been familiar to concert goers; they need not be discussed here. Thursday evening the suite held a little extra interest for the listener, because of the contrasts its themes offered to the more sensuous and sensual melodies of the rhapsodie. In its shortened version, Mrs. Beach's symphony was pleasant to listen to—once. It possesses two or three pretty themes, which have considerable appeal, but it is not a great work and only by stretching a point can it be conceded a place on a symphony program given over to serious music.

The orchestra played well throughout the evening. In the Powel number it gave some pretty exhibitions of virtuosity, and in unmistakable ways showed it is making not only steady but rapid progress. Of course there are many things yet to be achieved by Mr Gabrilowitsch before the band will become all it ought to be and all we believe it will be. There were passages in the "legende" of the Macdowell suite, for instance, that might have been made more delicately and elusively atmospheric, yet it seems almost ungracious to speak of such matters when the orchestra is doing so well and already ...ds for much musically. C. S.

NOTED NEGRO POET

Tomorrow Will Be the Anniversary of the Birth of Paul L. Dunbar.

PITTSBURG PA TELEGRAPH
JUNE 26, 1918

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, the noted Negro poet, was born on June 27, 1872, in Dayton, O. He was educated in the Dayton public schools, and showed especial fondness and aptitude for literary studies. By means of private study he made up in a large measure for lack of college training. After graduation he supported his mother, his father having died, and began writing for the local press. He acquired a reputation in the West and did considerable work for eastern magazines, whose editors did not know him to be a Negro. He also worked as a journalist in New York City, and for a time was on the staff of the Congressional Library. Meanwhile he appeared in public as a reader of his poems.

Dunbar's first book, "Oak and Ivy," was published in 1893. The first edition of his second book, "Majors and Minors," was nearly exhausted when a kindly review by William Dean Howells introduced him to a large audience. "Mr. Dunbar," said that reviewer, "is the first black man to feel the life of the Negro esthetically and to express it lyrically." James Lane Allen also expressed great interest in Dunbar's work, as did others prominent in literary circles.

The aforementioned volumes of verse were republished as one, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," and were followed by "Poems of Cabin and Field," "Lyrics of the Hearth Side," "Candle-Lightin' Time," "Lyrics of Love and Laughter," "Li'l Gal" and "Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow." He also wrote a volume of short stories, "Folks From Dixie," and a novel, "The Uncalled," which was first published as a magazine serial. Mr. Dunbar died in 1906.

NOTED NEGRO SINGER IS TO [illegible] HERE

DALLAS TEX TIMES HERALD
OCTOBER 13, 1918

Under the auspices of the Home Makers Industrial School, the noted negro soprano, M. Callaway-Bryan of Chicago will appear at the city hall, Monday night, October 21. Dallas women who are interested in the school have arranged to bring the singer here and are making great preparation for the entertainment.

Callaway-Byron has had return engagements to Queens Hall, London; Rome, Italy; Paris, France; Stockholm, Sweden, and Vienna. After ten years of study with three of the best teachers of Europe she has made for herself a reputation of which all negroes might well be proud.

The following ladies who are interested in the school are also patronesses of the concert: Mrs. N. B. Ford, Mrs. Kirk Hall, Mrs. R. D. Terrell, Mrs. Claude De Van Watts, Mrs. C. B. Luck, Mrs. M. K. Russell, Mrs. Ed Kneeland, Mrs. Jno. S. Turner, Mrs. Jno. Hanna, Mrs. Abell D. Hardin, Mrs. David O. Belew, Mrs. J. C. Mason, Mrs. W. M. James, Miss Grace M. Whiting, Miss Flora Saylor, Miss M. S. Brooks, Mrs. Wendell Spence.

Music, Poetry and Art—1918

POPULAR SONGS

New York Age. March 16, 1918.

MY Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurray, Hurray!"

Remember it? And "All Coons Look Alike to Me," and "Schooldays," and "Way Down in My Heart I've Got a Feelin' for You," and "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me," and that graybeard of them all, "After the Ball Was Over"? They were the popular songs of their day. By the way, speaking of graybeards, it would never do to leave out "Silver Threads Among the Gold," that sentimental ballad of the seventies.

Now what puts the pop into the popular songs?

Take it from Mose Gumble, who runs the professional department of a New York publishing house, there's millions in it if you can answer that question. Says a writer in the Los Angeles *Times*:

It was vaudeville, or rather, in those days "the varieties," which started the popular song, but there is some debate as to what was really the first big hit. I am inclined to hand the palm to "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs." This broke into the limelight at B. K. Keith's first variety theatre, and, coupled with the prominence given it by the minstrel shows, was universally known and sung. They tell us now that the reason it got over was that, every two or three lines or so, the refrain "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" was repeated. In other words, it had the same psychology of construction as the gospel hymn which you can always sing whether you know anything about music or not.

Others of the old-timers declare that "Comrades" was first of the new type of song. Maybe it was. I recollect that it was one, if not the only one, that was put over on the strength of a Presidential campaign. I was too much of a kid to swear to it now, but I think it was the first election of Harrison that brought "Comrades" to the front. It had a swing and was good for parodies. That's what made it go.

The first tremendously successful popular song, tho, was "After the Ball." All records date from this event. But like many another thing, this great waltz-song was able to profit by an equipment that the other songs I've mentioned didn't possess.

By this time, the publishers had begun to realize that when a song got over, it went as big in San Francisco as in New York, and got 'em on the farm just as surely as it did in the city. Distribution then was the thing, and when "After the Ball" was placed on the market, it was probably the first song that one could buy everywhere in the country. Even then distribution was crude to what it is now, and advertising was unknown, which makes the triumph even the more great and memorable.

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Annie Rooney" were strong favorites with the public for some time, and then came the coon song which held the popular fancy longer than any other. There was "All Coons Look Alike to Me," "Hello, Ma Baby," "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You—oo—oo," "Ain't That a Shame?" and the unforgetable "Bill Bailey." They were danced and sung and hand organed until musical comedy began to provide the popular songs. "Good Old Summertime," which was interpolated in "The Defender," for Blanche Ring, made a big hit, and then "The Runaway Girl" contributed "And the Boy Guessed Right, the Very First Time." Edna May in "The Belle of New York" put over the Salvation song, and from the same play "When We Are Married" nearly caught on, but was a little too hard to remember.

Richard Carle and George Ade both wrote clever lyrics, but few popular songs can be credited to either. One of Carle's best was "A Lemon in the Garden of Love."

Then came ragtime, which in one form or another remains with us, for, says the writer in the *Times*:

As a matter of fact, you can rag anything. It would be impossible to chronicle the popular rag hits, because they are so many and they still come, so I pass along to the next craze, which was for Indian melodies.

"Hiawatha" it was which turned the trick. It came out of a clear sky. It ranks with "After the Ball," as one of the most successful songs ever written, and yet I am told—I think it was Mr. Daniels, of Detroit—that "Hiawatha" lay in a publisher's pigeonhole for several years, and was only published after a battle royal.

Two unexpected successes developed in the famous "Floradora" sextet, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," and "The Merry Widow" waltz, and they are striking illustrations of how difficult it is to gage the public taste, for—

In "Floradora" "The Shade of the Sheltering Palms" and "Only Love" had been picked and given to the stars and the real original "Floradora" sextet wasn't a selected bunch of girls excepting as they were picked for uniform size.

When, on opening night, the sextet walked away with the show, and the line, "Are there any more at home like you," had caught the town, this original sextet was promptly changed and prettier, better looking girls given the honor positions.

The really pretty songs in "The Merry Widow" were "I'll Go Back to Maxim's" and "Sonia," but it was the waltz which made the hit, and right at a time when everybody was cake-walking.

And of course "Bedelia" and "Dearie" must not be forgotten before the popular taste again swung to the sentimental with "That's What the Rose Said to Me," "Roses," "My Georgia Rose," and a long list of others of the same sort. The rube song at this time acted as a foil and had quite a run, although no real hit developed. Says *The Times*:

Valeska Suratt and Clark and Bergmann broke the ice for a brief spell. The former put over "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," and the vaudeville team introduced "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want to Do It."

But meanwhile Toots Paka, the Hawaiian singer and dancer, made a hit in New York. She had been over here for some time—in fact, was with "The Echo," in Chicago; and Alisky's Hawaiians had been popular for some time.

It is hard to explain just why the island melodies landed when they did, but land they did, with a vengeance. "On the Beach at Waikiki" started the ball rolling. Quickly came "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula," "Hawaiian Dreams," "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii," "Hello, Hawaii," etc., all of which went over big, and broke the hitless spell.

The majority of the popular songs have got over on their music, but in many cases much of their original success has been due to the singer who has introduced them, and

Certain of the best known and most popular entertainers received liberal pay for using songs. Indeed, I know several who received more from the music publishers than what they got as vaudeville salary. The two together made a nice income.

When people like Blanche Ring, Emma Carus, Nelly Hanley, Lottie Gilson, Bessie Wynn, Eva Tanguay, and a score of others could be presuaded or hired to introduce a song, its success, up to a certain mark, was certain. Of course, behind this certainty was the fact that none of the big people would take a song which didn't look to them like a comer.

Eva Tanguay could easily get from music publishers $500 a week for each song, and use six, netting her from $3,000 to $5,000 a week in addition to her salary. As a matter of fact, though, she has frequently thrown all this opportunity aside and paid several thousand dollars for songs that suited her, because the publishers had nothing that suited her style and temperament.

Even the lesser lights are frequently paid, and that is one reason why, if you attend a vaudeville house every week, you find so many acts using the same songs.

Not so very long ago, while running a vaudeville house, I had three acts on one bill and all insisted that "Baby Shoes" was essential to their act. Next week two acts were using it, and for several weeks after at least one act wanted to use it. In every case investigation disclosed that these acts were getting $25 a week for using the song, in an effort to make it really popular.

"Mother" was another song that was put over in this way, coupled with a newspaper advertising campaign. It got so you simply had to forbid acts using it because the public had got sick to death of it.

On a modest shaft in a graveyard in Westerville, Ohio, there are chiseled the words: "Over the Silent Sea Passed Benjamin R. Hanby, March 16, 1867." Hanby was the author of "Darling Nellie Gray," and despite the span of half a century visitors from the North, South, East and West almost daily visit his grave. Hanby was a college student when he wrote the song. Says the Kansas City *Star*:

Westerville was one of the underground stations in the period preceding the Civil War, and the emotional young man had ample opportunity to hear harrowing tales of slavery and the separation of slave families. It was this, according to his widow, Mrs. Kate Hanby, who now lives in Alhambra, Cal., that inspired him to write the song.

"He did not realize that the song would be so popular, and consequently did not copyright it," Mrs. Hanby writes. "It was a year before he knew that it had been published, and then he found a copy of the song in a music store in Columbus. When he wrote the publishers they replied that, while they made the money, he had made the reputation, and that ought to balance the account."

The song netted the publishers thousands of dollars and even saved them from bankruptcy. It was never a source of any revenue for the composer. Mr. Hanby struggled along as well as he could, a man with a reputation but little money. It is interesting in this connection to know that Mrs. Hanby is Otterbein College's oldest living graduate, a member of the class of '57.

Of pathetic interest to Hanby's brief story, for he died when only 33, is the effort he made to repeat his original success and the failure which attended the effort, for, though he wrote a number of songs, no one of them ever had more than passing success.

A bronze tablet to his memory and in appreciation for the famed song is in the corridor of the Otterbein College library. Students and alumni of Otterbein, his alma mater, cherish his memory and his song.—*Literary Digest*.

"THE NEGRO IN ART"

By Archibald Motley

At a recent exhibition of paintings at the Y. M. C. A. there were seven or eight young artists represented. This exhibition was under the auspices of the Arts and Letters Society of the Y. M. C. A., of which Francis Leroy Holmes, an amateur painter, is president.

Stanislaus Sukalski, a young sculptor of 21, who knows absolutely nothing about painting, was invited to deliver an address for the encouragement of Negro art. The address was all but encouraging. Mr. Sukalski is really too young to appreciate real art and too set in his own ideas; therefore he appreciates only ideas, and not art.

Art is a true and simple interpretation of the individual in some form, such as painting, architecture, modeling, music, etc.

In painting, as in all branches of art, the artist must go about his work first with some set idea in mind as to subject matter, composition, color, values, quality, texture, feeling and a good knowledge of drawing. In painting the first essential is knowing how to group masses of shapes, values, colors, textures, etc., so that they will mean most. By so doing you have a good arrangement of composition. We must know how to compose, even in making a little pencil sketch, as the small drawing must be well arranged on the paper to make it pleasant and attractive to the eye. Composition is something we cannot get away from. It comes in every day life; in our homes, our clothes, beautifully arranged gowns and hats, arrangement of furniture in a home, the arrangement of objects on dressers and pictures on our walls. We should never forget composition, as it plays a most important part in art. Think also of the wonderful compositions in music and literature.

In order to get feeling in painting it is compulsory that one should know drawing very well, as one cannot present on paper or canvas that which one cannot draw.

One gets feeling in color by expressing one's idea in warm or cold color, or a moderate warm and cold color, or possibly by going to extremes in warm and cold color, but always keeping a harmony in color. Feeling in art also comes with values, which is keeping a painting in a high or low key, or a moderate key, or by showing the third dimension by having three or more distinctive values: first, a light value; secondly, a half-tone, and a dark value, and deeper values is necessary to express the idea.

Quality and texture are very essential in producing feeling, as they give us the feeling of different textures, such as wood, stone, vapor, cloth, flesh, shiny substances, such as copper, brass, silver, gold, etc. Therefore, it is plainly logical that feeling in painting depends solely upon one's knowledge of drawing, values, color, composition, quality and textures.

Mr. Sukalski, in his address, disregards all important things and lays stress simply on a big idea, with no knowledge of knowing how to express the big idea. Expression being the most important factor in any branch of art.

Zindfalist, the great violinist, has the most wonderful feeling in his music, but if he had not studied tone, quality, rhythm, etc., he would have great difficulty in expressing himself.

Feeling alone is far from being art and it is not art unless combined with the other important necessities of art. Would you enjoy hearing some amateur or child play some noted piece if he had never studied, but possessed an odd feeling for music? Or would you enjoy having a painting in your home by some painter uneducated in art, but having a deranged idea of feeling? Indeed, it would be a very confused piece of art.

Let our artists have the same broad field as our white competitor. Don't be influenced by such men as Mr. Sukalski, who are simply trying to limit the vast field of art to the Race.

If all Negro artists painted simply Negro types, how long would our Negro art exist? Is this world composed only of Negroes, or are we living in a large universe of numerous nations and customs? Give the artist of the Race a chance to express himself in his own

individual way, but let him abide by the principles of true art, as our brethren do, and we shall have a great variety of art, a great art, and not a monotony of degraded art.

Let us have more men like the Hon. Henry C. Tanner, who has two masterpieces hanging in our Art Institute, one "The Two Disciples at the Tomb" and the other "The Three Marys."

The artists whose works were exhibited in this recent exhibit at the Y. M. C. A. and the audience who heard Mr. Sukalski are very much disappointed in Mr. Sukalski and his remarks, and somewhat discouraged in the Arts and Letters society and its management.

VISITORS ENJOY NEGRO MUSIC

Folk Songs as Given by School Children, Choral Society and Church Singers a Treat

MANY ENCORES DEMANDED

National Music Supervisors Here from All Over the Nation for Annual Convention

Pleased with Warmth of Their Reception and the Originality of the Program

EVANSVILLE IND COURIER
APR 9 1918

Don't be surprised at any time this week to hear someone going along the street humming, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, my Lord, I'm going to join the heavenly choir." Or maybe you'll be lucky enough to catch the strain of "Couldn't hear nobody pray."

If you should hear music of this sort you may know that the singer was one of the hundreds of people who made up the audience for last night's program of negro folk songs at the first session of the National Conference of Music Supervisors. The audience was a large one and appreciative. Time after time the large choruses of colored children and grownups were forced to respond with encores.

People are coming to realize the beauty of the original songs of the negro, those which were sung by the ancestors of the present race of progressive citizens, in the days of slavery. The songs are appealing and reach closer to the heart than any of modern compositions.

Interested in Negro Folk Songs

"Of late we have come to take a great deal of interest in the folk songs of America," said M. C. Bryant, director of the program, in a talk before the delegates to the conference yesterday evening. "The songs were born in the hearts of adults and so cannot be sung in just the same way by the children that they would be by their elders. We are going to sing the folk songs, just as simply and naturally as possible.

"If America has a national school as it is striving to do, it will be founded on the colored folk songs, or possibly the folk song of the Indians.

One of the purposes in bringing the national meet to Evansville was to put before the musical leaders of the country the immense possibilities of this kind of music. Pupils from several of the colored schools, under the leadership of M. C. Bryant, W. C. Cooper and W. R. Ferguson put on a program which was in itself a credit to the city. Several numbers were given also by the Choral Art society, by the Schoolmaster's quartet and by the members of Little Hope church.

Program of the Evening

The program follows.

Third avenue school—Wade in the Water; Ain't that Good News. Melville C. Bryant, directing.

Transcription for piano—Wade in Water, Coleridge-Taylor—Miss Vashti Clarke.

Governor school—Oh! Mary, Don't You Weep; I'm a Soldier of the Cross (Golden Slippers); Free at Last. W. R. Ferguson, directing.

Clark high school—A Little Wheel a-Rolling in My Heart; Shout All Over God's Heaven; Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray. W. C. Cooper, directing.

Schoolmaster's quartet—Some o' the Days; It's Me.—W. C. Cooper, first tenor; M. C. Bryant, second tenor; J. C. Cox, first bass; P. T. Miller, second bass.

Choral Art society—Rise, Shine; O, Rocks, Don't Fall on Me. M. C. Bryant, directing.

Talk—Negro folk songs—M. C. Bryant.

Members of Little Hope church—Rev. Frank Long, pastor—The Angel Clips His Wings; Lonesome Valley; I'm Goin' Back Home.

Transcription for piano — I'm Troubled in Mind—Coleridge-Taylor—Miss Vashti Clarke.

Choral Art society—Show Me the Way; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Steal Away. M. C. Bryant, directing.

Schoolmaster's quartet — Reign, Massa Jesus, Reign; Little David.

Finale—March On!; Great Camp Meeting.

Ensemble—M. C. Bryant, directing.

Expect 400 Visitors

Evansville opened its arms yesterday to the members of the National Conference of Music Supervisors. Late yesterday afternoon more than 250 delegates had registered at local hotels and 150 more are expected.

The morning was spent in visiting the various schools of the city, the visitors being carried from one building to another in machines. The reception at each center was a warm one and a number of delegates spoke of the hospitable way in which they were received. A friendly southern feeling permeated the entire convention yesterday.

At 11:30 o'clock an assembly of all the men and women was held in the high school auditorium, along with a chapel period in which all the students took part. A program consisting of an oration by William Carleton, the singing of the Marseillaise, musical numbers by the high school orchestra and by the boys' and girls' glee clubs, was given. Lunch was served in the high school cafeteria, one of the dining rooms being set aside for the visitors.

From 1:30 until 2:30 o'clock the supervisors again visited the public schools. After that time they gathered in the high school auditorium where a practical demonstration was given of the instrumental music classes. The following program was given:

"Boat Song"—Violin class, Otto Puder, teacher.

"Soldier Song"—Violin class, J. Mitchell Humpries, teacher.

"Au de la leun"—Combined group of fifty children.

"A Night in June"—Saxaphone quartet—Nickolas Winters, Myron Neale, Dewey Neale, Clarence Spiegel.

"Larboard Watch"—Cornet duet, William Powell, Rodger Shafer.

Martha Harriett DeBruler, accompanist.

"The Palms"—Trombone duet, Daniel Butt, Gerald Bumps. Martha Harriett DeBruler, accompanist.

(A) "Exercise in Alla Breve" eight cornets.

(B) "Schottische" Beginning class.

"Evening Shadow Waltz" Elementary band.

"Overture" Advance band.

"Ensemble" America.

Witness Folk Dances

Under the direction of Prof. Julius Doerter, an exhibition of folk dances was given by the school children. The dances given included:

1. The Shoemaker's Dance, pupils of third grade Carpenter school; Miss Huebsch.
2. Looby Loo I See You, pupils of third grade Delaware school; Miss Steward.
3. Ace of Diamonds, pupils of fourth grade Campbell school; Mrs. McReynolds.
4. Oxdansen, pupils of fourth grade Baker school; Miss McMurtry.
5. Swedish Klapp Dance, pupils of fourth grade Columbia school; Miss B. Saunders.
6. Virginia Reel, pupils of fifth grade Fulton school; Miss E. Weaver.
7. How Do You Do?, pupils of seventh grade Wheeler school; Miss Strange.
8. Schottische, pupils of sixth grade Wheeler school; Mrs. Wright.
9. Sellinger's Round, pupils of sixth grade Columbia school; Miss F. Woods.
10. Spanish Dance, pupils of eighth grade Wheeler school; Miss Goslee.
11. Military Dance, pupils of eighth grade Delaware school; Miss Richstein.

Following this performance a rehearsal was held for Thursday evening's concert, to be given in the coliseum. On that evening the conference will be thrown open to the public and all citizens urged to take part in a community sing. This is the first event of the kind ever offered in Evansville, and men, women and children are asked to do their part in making it a success. Evansville will sing on Thursday night. A splendid program of music is being arranged by the supervisors for that occasion. Prof. Osbourne McConathy of Evanston, Ill., is directing the chorus of trained voices.

Informal groups met for dinner at the Vendome and Hotel McCurdy. At the Hotel McCurdy, convention headquarters, exhibits are being made of Victrolas, of the various music books used in different cities, and of other articles used in connection with the work. The displays are in rooms opening off the mezzanine, where the registration takes place.

Citizens Can Join Association

Charles H. Miller of Rochester, N. Y., president of the National Conference, is anxious that people of Evansville know they may become associate members of the association. One dollar is the sum charged, entitling members to admission to all the meetings of the conference. On the programs arranged for the five days are men and women known the country over as leaders in public school music work. Delegates are present from two-thirds of the states of the union.

Efforts are being made to secure next year's meet for New York city. St. Louis is also in the race. Dr. Frank E. Rix, director of music of New York, is here and is pushing his city for the convention. In all likelihood it will be held there and, if that is true, authorities said yesterday, a great concert will be given in Carnegie hall.

Prof. Osbourne McConathy is one of the notables at the meet. Mr. McConathy is an impressive figure with his snowy hair and stately bearing. He is vice-president of the National Conference of Music Supervisors; is head of the public school music department of Northwestern university at Evanston, Ill.; chairman of the committee on school music credits in three organizations including the national conference, the music section of the National Educational association, of which he is president, and the Music Teachers' National association.

Charles H. Miller, president of the convening board, is supervisor of music in Rochester. Miss Elizabeth Burchanel of New York, the highest authority in the United States on folk dancing, is expected this morning. Miss Burchanel is officially connected with the state department of education at Albany, N. Y. She will talk on folk dancing at this afternoon's session.

Editors Among Visitors

John C. Freund, editor of the Music Magazine will arrive in the city tomorrow. Peter W. Dykeman of Wisconsin university is also here representing the Musical Press. Mr. Dykeman is the original advocate of community music. Other well known visitors are Hollis Dann, head of the music department of Cornell university and chairman of the board of directors of the conference; Charles H. Farnsworth of Columbia university New York; Russel Morgan, director of the LaCrosse, Ill., Normal school; Mrs. Agnes Heath, supervisor of the Chicago schools, and Prof. Wade Brown of South Carolina. Miss Mary Conway of New Orleans is expected today.

All of the officers of the national conference are in the city with the exception of Miss Elsie E. Shaw of St. Paul, Minn., who is expected this morning, and John W. Beattie of Grand Rapids, who is in war service in France. Both are on the board of directors. At one of the banquets held for workers a letter will be read from Mr. Beattie.

On Wednesday's program will be the matter of standardizing the music of the "Star Spangled Banner." This is one of the most important subjects to come before the council. The committee in charge of the matter will report after the speakers of the day have finished. Music authorized by Commissioner Claxton of the National Bureau of Education has been conflicting with that used by the supervisors. The commissioner's music contains elaborate use of dotted quarter notes, while that of the supervisors has none.

Program for Today

Today's program will be as follows:

9 to 11 a. m.—Demonstration teaching in three schools by visiting supervisors. Stanley Hall, Miss Clara Thomas, Oak Park, Ill; Miss Ann Trimingham, Calumet, Mich. Fulton school: Miss Laura Bryant, Ithaca, N. Y.; Miss Inez Field Damon, Schenectady, N. Y. Baker school: Miss Mabel [illegible] Bloomington, Ill.; E. B. Birge, Indianapolis, and [illegible] Gibbings, supervisor, Minneapolis, Minn.

11:30 a. m.—Assembly at Clark high school.

1:30 to 2:30 p. m.—Rehearsal for concert in Junior high school auditorium.

2:3[illegible] m.—Opening session: Address of welcome for the city, Mayor Benj[illegible]n Bosse; for the schools, L. P. [illegible]et, superintendent of city schools. Response and address by C. H. Miller, president.

3 [illegible] m.—Music in the training camps, John Alden Carpenter of Chicago.

4 p. m.—Address, folk dancing, Miss Elizabeth Burchanel.

6 p. m.—Informal banquet dinner, high school auditorium.

8 p. m.—Concert by the Evansville schools and by the Princeton public school glee club.

Dr. F. Hammer, director of music for the war department at Washington, who was booked for an address on music in the training camps, has been transferred from his post by the government and is unable to be in the city. Mr. Carpenter who talks in his place is well versed on the music in the camps.

Miss Snavely of San Diego, is the guest of Miss Ottilia Weintz while in the city.

Among the guests are: Frank L. Armstrong, Pittsburg, Pa.; Inez F. Damron, Schenectady, N. Y.; Lorle Krull, Indianapolis; Helen Loeper, Indianapolis; Allena Luce, Rio Pedras, Porto Rico; Ruth Miller, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Julia M. Neppert, San Francisco; Edna Rice, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Karl Schmidt, Louisville; Elizabeth Schrock, Wabash, Ind.; Moritz Schwartz, Jersey City, N. J.; Amy Shaw, Chicago; Florence F. Smith, Montgomery, Ala.; Clara Daily Peoria, Ill.; Lorena Tomson, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Mavell Glynn, Bloomington, Ind.; Alice C. Inskeep, Cedar Rapids, Mich.; Lula Kanagy, Indianapolis; William Kurnea, Larned, Kan.; Fannie Lynch, Chicago; Bessie Miller, Kansas City; C. R. Miller, Rochester, N. Y.; Fannie Powers, Omaha, Neb.; Helen [illegible] McKeesport, Pa.; James [illegible], Pittsburg; E. W. Newton, Boston, Mass.; Blanch O'Neil, Oakland, Cal.; Grace G. Pierce, Boston; Helen Poole, Milwaukee, Wis. A. W. Ashley, Warren, O.; Alice Ropes Detroit, Mich.; Birdie Alexander, El Paso, Tex.; Edwin Barnes, Central Falls, R. I.; Millie Peck, Rock Island, Ill.; C. C. Birchard, Boston, Mass.; Caroline Bourgard, Louisville; Elvira Burwash, Duluth, Minn.; Walter Butterfield, Manchester, N. H.; Hamlin Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Miss Amy Cutting, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Warden Davis, Salem, W. Va.; Peter Dykeman, Madison, Mis.; Will Earhart, Pittsburg, Pa.; Enice Ensor, Detroit; Charles H. Farnsworth, Columbia university, N. Y.; W. E. Fisher Cincinnati; Inez Franklin, Kansas City; Dorothy Snavely, San Diego, Cal.; Carrie Stoughton, Erie, Pa.; T. W. Sturgeon, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Caroline Vayo, Rochester, N. Y.; Ada Webster, [illegible]hester, N. Y.; Kate Wilson, Sa[illegible] Mich.

Music, Poetry and Art—1918

ART AND ARTISTS.

Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition a Comprehensive One.

The exhibitions of the Philadelphia Water Color Club, the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, and England's War Work Pictures—the latter being the British government exhibition—opened with a private view at the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, Saturday night, and will be open to the public through the 15th of December.

Responding to a request for pictures in the graphic mediums pertaining to the war, artists have sent many forceful works covering a wide field of war activities and allegorical subjects inspired by the war. On every hand the extensive range of artistic endeavor along lines directly or indirectly pertaining to the war is becoming evident. Because of the forcefulness of results obtained through the medium of lithography, and the ease with which a number of proofs are drawn from one stone it has become a very popular mode of expression. A group of seventeen lithographs by the French artist, Lucian Jonas, has been given a prominent place in the rotunda. They are to be admired, not so much for artistic rendering as for the vivid and simple way they lay before us the tragedy which has swept France and also the spirit of that heroic nation in meeting it. Take, for instance, the well-known "For I Love You More Like That."

The title is a simple one of the maimed soldier returned to his wife, but how inspiring are her words, pregnant with the spirit which will enable France to rise from her wounds to a glorious future. By Frank Brangwyn there is a large group of characteristic etchings and a number of charcoals by F. Walter Taylor are salient features. Two Americans who figure prominently in the exhibition, having limited their exhibits to black and whites of ammunition plants and the emergency fleet, are Thornton Oakley and Joseph Pennell. The latter's lithographs along these lines are too well known to require much comment. They include works authorized by the secretaries of war and the navy, and other government and army departments. "Bessemer Steel," "Repairing the Rudder," "Food, Coal and Ship," are titles of some which speak for themselves. Mr. Pennell's method is rapid and his eye quick to sense the picturesque side of the vast forces which have, in this country and abroad, brought Germany and her allies to their knees. Thornton Oakley's drawings in charcoal, made also for the government, are very vital bits of realism, presenting with power the vast industry of Hog Island. Mr. Oakley is a master of black and white, disregarding clever manipulation to render his subject with sincerity.

There are typical wood engravings by the veteran Timothy Cole and a group of portrait studies in charcoal by Leopold Seyffert which are strong characterizations. There are etchings by William Auerbach Levy, John Marin, Troy Kinney, James McBey, Ernest D. Roth, Luis Mora, Steinlen, and others, a lithograph of Yvette Guilbert by Toulouse Lautrec, drawings in various mediums by Forain, and typical black and whites by W. Glackens. About fifty of the works in graphic mediums are loaned by A. E. Gallatin of New York.

A group of lithographs by John Copley show marked individuality both in execution and choice of subject. "The Musicians," showing a typical theatrical orchestra, has a certain decorative charm, lent, perhaps, by the glimpse of the stage above the musicians' heads, and the picturesque lighting.

Among the water colors there is a group of Pueblo habitations of the Mesa country pictured in a most interesting way by Francis McComas. His color, though at times vivid, has a rich tonal quality, pleasing and sonorous. "Ladders" shows a steep cliff of unusual terra cotta red, with tiers of cliff dwellings nestling in a cave in its face. "Shadows of Waipi" and "Batatakin" present other phases of this picturesque country. There are the usual characteristic works by Howard Giles, Gifford and Reynolds Beal, Paul Dougherty, Childe Hassam, Felicie Waldow Howell, Jane Peterson, Jessie Willcox Smith, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr.; F. J. Spicuzza, Wayman Adams, and others. In a group by Lillian Westcott Hale a flat decorative treatment of black and white tinted with pastel is successfully carried out in renderings of winter scenes. Southern Negro types and West Indian scenes by John Reed are forceful and rich in color, and water colors by J. C. Dull and Alfred Hayward add brilliancy to the exhibition. The prizes are to be awarded later.

The Society of Miniature Painters' Medal of Honor has been awarded to Margaret Foote Hawley for a portrait of Edgar Upton, Esq., a work of unusual vitality. There are ninety-four miniatures exhibited. Lucy M. Stanton's portrait of Miss Sarah Adamson and her old Negro mammy breathes the quaintness of its title, and "A Persian Girl" by Marjorie S. Collins forms a salient color note. Other miniaturists contributing particularly interesting work are Elizabeth Knowles, Beatrice M. Burt, and Jane Mumford Pearson. Margaret Foote Hawley's profile portrait of little Mary Foote is exceedingly charming.

The British government exhibition of England's war work pictures is not new here, but something of fresh interest can always be found, and it is a notable addition to the academy's display. There are sixty-six lithographs representing many of the most famous of British draughtsmen, including Brangwyn, Muirhead Bone, Nicholson, Rothenstein, Hartrick, Shepperson, Kennington, and Pears. Hatrick's illustrations of "Women's Work" during the war are particularly notable. In the series expressing Britain's ideals Ernest Jackson, Charles Ricketts, Maurice Grieffenhagen, George Clausen, Edmund Dulac, Augustus John, Edmund J. Sullivan, and Charles Shannon are represented.

What the student of to-day is searching for can readily be sensed in an exhibition of work by students of the academy's summer outdoor school which is being held in a gallery adjoining the water color show. There are a variety of color experiments, sunlight, and shade problems, cloud effects and still life and no lack of vigor of execution. H. C. N.

GALA CROWD AT NEGRO MUSIC FESTIVAL

CHICAGO ILL. AMERICAN
JUNE 15 1918

Notable Gathering Hears Patriotic Address and Beautiful Concert Numbers.

BY HERMAN DEVRIES.

Last night's patriotic-musical meeting, rally, festival—all of this and more—at the Auditorium Theater, was attended by a gathering quite as notable as those witnessed at some of the gala nights of the opera season. Although the festival program was executed by members of the black race exclusively, the boxes were filled by connoisseurs in the city's art life, as well as people socially prominent and financially pulssant.

In short, the public was representative and the performance epoch-making, the latter not so much from the standpoint of music pure and simple (although there can be only praise for the singers) as for the pertinent significance of the event vis-a-vis our present-day democracy.

Although it is not my province to enter into a dissertation on patriotism in this column, I cannot refrain from quoting bits of the wisdom of the address delivered by John R. Hawkins of Washington, D. C., the "featured" speaker of the evening.

6,000 IN FRANCE.

He informed us parenthetically that Illinois blacks were 6,000 strong in France to-day, with over 100,000 American blacks to go over when ready, and that the first American flag to be carried upon the battlefields of France was held aloft by negro arms!

Principally, however, Mr. Hawkins' speech was concentrated in an appeal to every thinking entity for the permanent abolishment of race prejudice.

He compared the oppression of two races—the Hebrew and the negro—and forced upon his hearers the truth that the fate of the blacks has been traced for themselves by their splendid attitude in the world war and their passionate longing for development and knowledge.

"If the war is being fought for democracy"—I am paraphrasing Mr. Hawkins—"then let this democracy be the leveler of racial hatreds forever!"

Mr. Hawkins' success was heartily genuine. He is a very forceful orator and a scholar.

Five hundred men and women comprised the chorus, and the assisting soloists were Miss Maude J. Roberts, the talented young soprano; Mrs. Calloway-Byron, dramatic soprano; George Garner Jr., tenor; Harrison Emanuel, violinist; T. T. Taylor, accompanist, almost all of whom I have already heard and for whose success I can vouch.

The chorus sang, among other numbers, "America! America!" music by Professor Deas and words by James A. Mundy, conductor of the chorus, and two negro "spirituals," "I've Been Rebuked" and "Every Time I Feel the Spirit."

HAS BEAUTIFUL TONE.

The chorus exhibits an excellent body of tone, vigorous and healthy, but obedient to all demands for dynamic gradations.

I want particularly to praise the clever effect obtained by the concerted pianissimo humming in the finale of the spiritual "I've Been Rebuked."

The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Charles Elgar, also contributed very reliable support in the evening's entertainment.

The other speakers of the evening were W. B. Austin, chairman, peprésenting the Chicago Branch, National Security League, and Dr. A. J. Carey. Among the boxholders were Julius Rosenwald, W. B. Austin, J. Ogden Armour, Rufus Dawes, Edgar A. Bancroft, Frank Stockton, Samuel Insull and La Verne W. Noyes.

EBENEZER CONCERT FESTIVAL.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Ebenezer Church, Foster av. and N. Paulina st., will give a music festival starting to-morrow night, when "The Messiah" will be sung. Handel's oratorio will be repeated Sunday night, June 23. The performances will be by the Ebenezer Choral Society, under David Nyvall Jr., with Selma Gogg, Helen Edith Peterson, Elton Calkins and Gustaf Holmquist as soloists, Miss Gogg, Minnie Cedargreen-Jernberg and Allen Spencer will give a concert Tuesday night, and the children's chorus of Ebeneser will have its turn Friday night with Olga Serlis, Samuel Frankel and Elwood Gaskell. Ninety-two of the congregation's young men are in the nation's wartime service—fourteen of them members of the choral society.

NEGRO'S PLACE IN MUSIC IS UP TO RACE ITSELF

Whether He Can Offer More Than Ragtime or Not, His Traits Will Remain.

CLEVELAND O NEWS
MARCH 21 1918

There has been a great deal of talk lately about the position the negro takes or should take in the musical life of the nation. According to some people he should not be educated above the most elementary steps for fear that he might lose his peculiarly individual traits. According to others he should be educated to take his place among the masters of the world. The discussion is endless, for in the words of Sir Roger de Coverly "There is much tobe said on both sides." Apart from that, however, the fact remains that in the long run the negro will decide for himself to what degree he will educate himself.

That the negro has a power of musical expression that is distinctly individual is apparent to all who have heard him. That the power should be kept pure and unalloyed is highly desirable. But to believe that a higher education in this art will serve to adulterate and take away the charm of his creative ability [illegible] far-fetched.

According to all precedent, knowledge means power. It is therefore safe to assume that knowledge along musical lines, instead of having the effect of taking from the negro the power of expressing the emotions of his race, will serve to increase it. The assumption is made by some people who would give the negro no more than an elementary training in music that an acquaintance with the masters of music will create in him a desire to imitate them. Again we say, all honor and glory to him if he can! If there are any real artists among the race, as there assuredly must be, they will imitate up to a certain extent, that is, to the point of aspiring to truest harmony and greatest beauty. It will tend above all to make them cast away any mediocre attempt to express the art of their people, and inspire them to the highest degree of perfection attainable. There need be no fear of his losing his racial traits. Those are as strongly imbedded in him as his color.

JACKSONVILLE FTIMES UNION
MARCH 10 1918

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

How often memories flood my mind
Of many a tented plain,
Of gallant soldiers clad in gray,
Of ghastly heaps of slain.
And in these visions, too, I see
The loyal negro slave,
Who braved the dangers of the fight
"Ol' Massa's life to save."

Full many a rollcall comes to mind
And many a sad parade
When faithful Ned and Dick and Sam
Have lent their masters aid.
No danger was too great for them
To stand by "Massa's" side,
And often on the battlefield
The negro bled and died.

When muskets glinted down the line,
Or flashed the saber's blade,
As well as in the cotton fields
These slaves a record made.
Though few there be who do not now
Sleep in a silent grave,
A tender memory lingers still
Of the loyal negro slave.

Then here's to you—thou loyal hearts.
Thou faithful, tried and true,
And when Death's angel calls for taps
My prayers shall go with you.
And when at last you all have gone
Down to the silent grave,
A vivid memory will remain
Of the loyal negro slave.

MUSIC AND DRAMA
N Y C POST
MAY 25 1918

Music Settlement Concert.

The particular merit of the concert given last night in Aeolian Hall in aid of the Music Settlement for Colored People was that its programme consisted wholly of music by

...ranged, patterned by negro ...ank, with the authentic style and ...lavor. A part of the programme was ...iven by the advanced pupils of the ...school, but the greater portion of it ...was sung ensemble by various chorus...—the Art Song Choir from the Set...tlement; the Southern Melody Quar...tet, and the now famous Clef Club ...singing orchestra." So far as the ...work of the school was represented, ...particularly in the choir, the orches...tra, and the performances of William ...Butler, violinist, and Taylor Gordon, ...tenor, it showed fine discipline and ...training.

Both the "spirituals," or religious ...folk-songs from the old plantations ...and the pieces composed by living ...negro musicians, notably H. T. Bur...leigh, Will Marion Cook, J. Rosamond ...Johnson, and Carl Diton, were as ...as they should be. Their eloquen... in many moods suggested that t... use of negro material in extended ...composition, as attempted with Creol... tunes in Henry F. Gilbert's ballet ..."The Dance in Place Congo," should ...prove highly fruitful.

LOUISVILLE KY POST
MARCH 22, 1918

An unusual ovation at Quinn Chapel last night marked the first concert here of Roland Hayes, the former Pendennis Club waiter, who left here several years ago to study music in Boston under Arthur J. Hubbard. After Hayes had concluded his concert, the audience remained in their pews, applauding and seeming fully confident that the wonderful negro tenor would not deny their last request for an encore, although he had previously been obliged to give several. Hayes proved just as generous as his friends had expected, and not until he sang another song did his hearers file out of the church.

Hayes was equally at home in negro folk songs, grand opera or modern American songs. To a voice of unusual quality he has added the cleanest of enunciation and sure breath control. It was in the negro spirituals, however, that Hayes made his greatest hit. After singing those down on the program, the applause was so insistent that he encored with an ante-bellum folk-song called "Exhortations," a humorous combination of ... chant and plantation ragtime, and was obliged to repeat this.

Gerald Tyler played the accompaniments for Hayes and also several solos. Quinn Chapel was crowded to the limit with the best musical element in the city.

PASADENA CAL NEWS
APRIL 17, 1918

NEGRO POET HERE

Edward Smyth Jones, a negro poet, author and lecturer, is in Pasadena to read a poem entitled "Flag of the Free," which he has written before the Baptist Missionary society at First Baptist church. Mr. Jones is speaking at army Y. M. C. A. entertainments and is deeply interested in the negro soldiers at the various training camps. He has been appointed as a Four-Minute man in Los Angeles and is assisting in spreading the war thought among his people.

Prof. P. G. Lowery.
The noted band leader who will be with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey circuses combined the coming season.

THE NITRO COLORED CONCERT BAND.

P. G. Lowery, Director, and Harley Baker, Manager.

I am sure it will be interesting to the readers of the Freeman, especially the musical world, to know why Nitro, W. Va., can boast on having the best Colored Band in the U. S. This is due to the careful selection of first class musicians that constitute this excellent body of musicians and the careful training under the directorship of the noted band promoter, P. G. Lowery. Mr. Baker, the manager with a keen foresight, saw at once there was a great future for a first class musical organization and got busy early in the starting of this wonderful plant and in a short time a little band was started that since has grown into a first class band that compares favorably with the best concert bands in this country, including the white concert bands.

When the band reached the concert mark, Mr. Baker saw the need of a good director. So he was lucky in securing the services of P. G. Lowery. Then at once the band was placed before the public as a concert band, giving two concerts each week under regular salary for their services. Each concert was largely attended and showed unbold appreciation to every number rendered by the band. There were critics from every state in the U. S., who were amazed at the rapid progress and the rendition of the programs. Each program ranged from ragtime to operatic. The musical critics, especially complimented the tonal qualities, the unison work and perfect shading that is so often neglected in the Colored band, and this alone is absolutely necessary to render the classical numbers.

The trademark for the Nitro Band was discipline and every man proved himself a teacher along that line at every rehearsal, and each and every member of the band was seated ready for rehearsal promptly on the appointed minute, and when rehearsal started not a note was made without order from the director and every hour's rehearsal showed marked improvement. Even our rehearsals drew large crowds of music-lovers who enjoyed the rehearsals equally as well as the concerts.

As a soloist, Mr. Lowery proved himself the peer of all soloists as a request came at every concert for him to appear. But P. G., as the world knows him, is always willing to push the ambitious musicians to the front and would place one of his understudies to fill the spot, which they did with credit to themselves. Among the soloists in the band were Frazz Johnson, cornet; H. Franklin, cornet; Frank Miller, trombone; R. Warren, baritone, and Wm. May, bass.

Every section was ably filled from the E-flat clarinet to the drum section. The instrumentation of the band was as follows: Wm. Brent, E-flat clarinet; Chas. Warley, Paul Lambert, Wm. Smith, Cary Williams, Wm. Cox, John R. Burrough and Vance Dixon, B-flat clarinets; saxiphones, Mr. Hicks, Chas. Lewis and Walter Coleman; cornets, Walter Johnson, H. K. Franklin, Walter Howell, Dan Jones, Harry Alexander and Richard Jasper; French horns, Melford Warren, Wm. Watson, H. Shadgee and A Huses; trombones, F Miller, Mr. Cipio, Mr. Dickbroom and Clyde Wilson; baritones, R. B. Warren and H. McDonald, Jim Jones, bassoan, basses, Wm. May and Rufus Wilson, drums, etc., Edward Warren, bass, Harley Baker and B Reed, side drums, and Geo. Ewing, Tumpanys and bells, P. G. Lowery, director.

and imitate Negro talk as chronicled by Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, producing a ridiculous lingo such as never issued from any Negro mouth. McNeill knew that the Negro from one locality never talks exactly like the Negro from another locality, and that the Harris rendition of the Georgia Negro's conversation would never do for the North Carolina Negro. In writing Negro talk, McNeill always assumed the character he intended to portray and wrote the language just as he knew that particular character would have used it. He did not attempt to reproduce Negro dialect phonetically, but to preserve the flavor and essence of it. One of his qualintest bits of dialect verse is a supposed monologue addressed by a Negro mammy who is bothered at her work in the cotton patch by her too-active pickaninny. It runs thus:

You needn' do nothin' but roll in de dirt
'N' I give you yo' nothin' an give you yo' shirt
An don't speck yo' to he'p when I'se hoein' our fa'
You kin do wat you please if you'll quit doin' dat

Stay whar I putt you! Don't foller my trail!
Wen mus' 'pen' on dis crop fer yo' winter shirts
An if it's me dat mus' feed you an give you
clothes,
You mus' stay whar I tells you en play wid yo' toes

McNeill's sympathy for Negro imagination and *dolce far niente* is illustrated by the following verses from "Wishing":

I wisht I was a mummin' bird,
I'd nes' in a wilter tree,
Den nuth'n' but gopp'n' wut goes on whar
Could ever git to me.

I'd lak to sleep in a holler gum
Or roost in a longleaf pine,
Whar nothin' 'ud come to mess wid me
Or ax me whar I'm gwine.

McNeill was not blind to the Negro as a "problem" in the South or to the politician's use of the old-time bogey of "Negro domination." No more stinging commentary has ever been written on this phase of Southern politics than his verses entitled, "Mr. Nigger." Their nature may be realized from the following selection:

I cannot see, if you were dead,
Mr. Nigger,
How orators could earn their bread,
Mr. Nigger;
For they could never hold the crowd
Save they abused you long and loud,

Third Annual

..Guardian Benefit Concert..

Welcome Back to Madame Selika

MADAME SELIKA

Thursday Evening March 21, 1918

At 7.30 o'clock in the

Shawmut (Congregational) Church

Tremont and West Brookline Streets
Boston, Massachusetts

Reception to Mme. Selika, in Vestry after Concert

Admission Thirty-five cents

JAMES W. JOHNSON, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
The New York Age

SOME NEW BOOKS OF POETRY AND THEIR MAKERS.

It is a great relief to get away occasionally from discussion of injustices and lynchings and discriminations and talk about something else. So every once in a while this writer takes his readers on a little excursion through other subjects.

This time we are going to talk about three new books of poetry by colored authors. But even so, there is nothing that has a more direct bearing on what we call the Negro problem than the production of literature by colored writers. Some time ago we said in this column that there is no one means through which a race may become great, but that there is only one measure by which its greatness is recognized and acknowledged.

Not by the possession of wealth alone or the holding of political power alone or the acquiring of this or that sort of education alone can a race become great; it must possess and exercise all of the virtues and powers that go to make a great race. On the other hand, when a race has become great the common measure of its greatness is the amount and standard of the literature it had produced.

Let us state this proposition in several other ways: **The world does not know that a race is great until that race produces great literature. The production of great literature is proof that a race is great. There never has been a great race that did not produce a great literature. No race that produced a great literature has ever been looked upon by the world as distinctly inferior.**

The application to the colored people of America can be made direct. To become a great people they will need wealth, they will need all of the political power and privileges that go with American citizenship, they will need all kinds of education; in a word, they will need all the virtues and powers that have made the white people great. And still, the American Negro will not be recognized and acknowledged as great until he has produced great literature. Racial greatness will necessarily precede the production of literature, but the production of literature will be the proof of that greatness and a guarantee of its recognition.

The American Negro has done very little so far in literature; that is, very little in pure literature. Colored writers have written a great many pamphlets and books, but the great majority of these writings have been entirely polemical. The majority of them have been written for the direct purpose of proving the equality of the black man. Now the truth is that one piece of pure literature is worth one hundred or one thousand pieces of that sort of writing. One thin volume of poetry by Paul Dunbar goes farther to prove the intellectual equality of the black man than nine-tenths of all the controversial literature written by American Negroes in the past seventy-five years.

Let us suppose that Pushkin, the national poet of Russia, and Dumas, the greatest romantic novelist of France and of the world, for that matter, instead of being respectively a colored Russian and a colored Frenchman, had been colored Americans, can any one estimate the influence they would have had on opinion regarding the race in this country? It is harder to convince a Russian or a Frenchman of the colored man's inferiority from the mere fact that Pushkin wrote in Russia and Dumas in France. If they had written in America, the proof of the colored man's equality would be easier.

People are often misled into thinking that the man of money is the man who is looked up to. Well, he is while he is alive; that is, while people who "look up to him" think they can get something out of him. But the real pride of a people is not in its men of wealth but in its men of letters. Who knows the names of the wealthy men of Greece? Nobody. But every school boy knows Homer and Aeschylus and Aristotle. There is only one name in Roman history that can be placed alongside Virgil and Cicero, and that is Julius Caesar; and it must be remembered that a good part of Caesar's fame rests upon his authorship of one of the best histories ever written. What is the deepest pride that an Englishman has in his race? Is it that he belongs to a race that manufactures and exports more cotton goods than any other in the world? No, his deepest pride lies in the fact that he belongs to a race that produced a Shakespeare.

It is no exaggeration to say that one colored American poet or dramatist or novelist of the first magnitude; that is, one that would command the attention and recognition of the world, would do more to batter down prejudice against the race than ten colored American millionaires. It may be that the stage of development that will produce the millionaire must come before the stage that will produce the men of letters of first magnitude, but that does not alter the truth of the above statement.

But we started out to talk about some new books of poetry by colored writers. We have three volumes on our desk, and each of them is a promise of the racial greatness that is developing, because each of them is an example of creative art.

We have "From the Heart of a Folk" by Waverly Turner Carmichael. In the introduction to this book, written by Prof. James Holly Hanford of Harvard University, we are told that Mr. Carmichael is a full-blooded Negro who up to a year ago was never out of his native state of Alabama, Mr. Carmichael is evidently quite young, but he shows promise as a poet. He is spontaneous and has a keen sense of humor. Most of his verses are written in dialect and reveal a strong influence of Dunbar; and it is by inviting this direct comparison with Dunbar that Mr. Carmichael suffers most; for Mr. Carmichael's dialect is still crude, while Dunbar made dialect poetry as finished as it is possible to make it. No colored poet can write Negro dialect poetry without inviting comparison with Dunbar, and he is almost certain to suffer by the comparison. This comparison is made still more perilous if the younger poet chooses any of the subjects already written on by Dunbar.

For instance, it is impossible not to draw a comparison between the following from Mr. Carmichael:

I went home wid me gal las' night,
Dat darlin' little miss,
An' time we started off from church
I ask'd hur fur a kiss;
She drapp'd hur head an' kind o' blush
Den say, "I recon so";
I kis'd hur 'bout a dozen times
An' den she ask'd fur mo'.

with the following from Dunbar:

Seen my lady home las' night,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hel' huh han' an' sque'z it tight,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hyeahd huh sigh a little sigh,
Seen a light gleam f'om huh eye,
An' a smile go flittin' by—

Nor can we escape the following comparison; this from Carmichael:

I don' ker 'bout yo' cake an' pie,
An' neither 'bout yo' chicken;
I wouldn't give a dime fur all
Dat you have in yo' kitchen;
W'en I come doun to visit you,
I'll eat what please the masses;
Make t'ings as common as you kin,
An' gea me bread an' lasses.

And this from Dunbar:

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary like an' sad,
An' youse jes' a little tiahed

Music, Poetry and Art—1918

An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'uns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po' in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone 's hot.

There are other instances in Mr. Carmichael's book in which this comparison with Dunbar cannot be avoided. Yet Carmichael has done some very good things. He has imagination and humor and a fine sense of rhythms. There is no doubt that he will be heard from.

Another book is "The Heart of a Woman" by Georgia Douglas Johnson. Mrs. Johnson is already well known as a writer of verse; she has contributed for a number of years to various magazines. Her collection of poems prove her to be a true lyric singer. The strength and light that so often flash out of these delicate verses are amazing. Take for instance the following little mother's croon which starts so lightly and see how it grows in strength:

Sweeter far than lyric rune
Is my baby's cooing tune;
Brighter than the butterflies
Are the gleams within her eyes;
Firmer than an iron band
Serves the zephyr of her hand;
Deeper than the ocean's roll
Sounds her heart-beat in my soul.

Mrs. Johnson's volume is well named; see how much of a woman's heart is revealed, and yet hid, in the following:

Winter—aback sweeps the inward eye,
Fleet o'er the trail to a rose-wreathed sky,
Girt by a cordon of dreams I dwell
Deep in the heart of the old-time spell.
Almost, the tones of your whispered word,
Almost! the thrill that your dear lips stirred,
Almost!! that wild pulsing throb again—
Almost!!! ('Tis winter, the falling rain.)

There are many other things in Mrs. Johnson's volume worth quoting. Many more that prove her to be a true lyric poet. And we might say just here that we hope Mrs. Johnson will not yield to the temptation of letting her mere lyric gift run away with her. It may be well for her to roughen her art a bit.

The other book is "The Band of Gideon" by Joseph S. Cotter, Jr. Mr. Cotter is a young colored man of Louisville, Ky. His father before him did a good deal of literary work, and perhaps continues to do it. Young Cotter suffers from ill health, and nearly all of the poems in his little volume were written on a sick bed. Cotter's book is the thinnest of the three before me, it contains only 29 pages, but in those few pages he shows the greatest promise. Carmichael goes back to traditional dialect—and at some time the writer will say something about the relation of Negro dialect to present-day Negro poetry. Mrs. Johnson confines herself entirely to conventional lyric forms. But Cotter is free and bold. He has imagination and fine poetic sense, and besides a splendid mastery of the tools that every poet must know how to use—words. He has no use for the worn out rhyms; he achieves rhythms without them.

Listen to this "Prayer" from a poet who writes on a sick bed:

As I lie in bed,
Flat on my back;
There passes across my ceiling
An endless panorama of things—
Quick steps of gay-voiced children,
Adolescence in its wondering silences,
Maid and man on moonlit summer's eve,
Women in the holy glow of Motherhood,
Old men gazing silently thru the twilight
Into the beyond.
O God give me words to make my dream-children live.

Or read the whole race question put into thirteen lines, and short ones at that:

Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God.
And when we stand before Him
I shall say—
"Lord, I do not hate,
I am hated.
I scourge no one,
I am scourged.
I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted.
I mock no peoples,
My people are mocked."
And, brother, what will you say?

But Cotter can be not only free and bold and able to throw off his old chains of the art, he can be tender and lyrical. Listen to the following from an invalid poet:

I am so tired and weary,
So tired of the endless fight,
So tired of waiting the dawn
And finding endless night.

That I ask but rest and quiet—
Rest for the days that are gone,
And quiet for the little space
That I must journey on.

We repeat that in these three poets there is promise of the racial greatness that is developing. The racial greatness that will be witnessed by a great literature, and which the world will thereby be forced to acknowledge.

STEINERT HALL
162 Boylston Street
THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, 1918 AT 8.15
The Guardian Mass. 11-29-18.

W. ARTHUR CALHOUN
(Graduate Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, O.)
THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED ROLAND W. HAYES' VOICE
will appear in
PIANO RECITAL
Assisted by
ROLAND W. HAYES, Tenor
Tickets: 50c. and 75c. War Tax Extra
and may be had at Steinert Hall Box Office or Bay State Pharmacy, 840 Tremont St., Tel. Roxbury 2260. Roland W. Hayes, 3 Warwick St., Tel. Roxbury 5133-M. Madam W. A. Johnson, 800 Tremont St., Tel. Back Bay 8374. J. H. Madison, 958 Tremont St., Tel. Rox. 55693.
Steinway Piano Used.
MANAGEMENT
WALTER ALEXANDER JOHNSON
800 Tremont Street, Boston

Music, Poetry and Art - 1918

THE SELIKA-GUARDIAN CONCERT MEMORABLE

The Guardian May 1918

1650 People Crowd Big Church to Doors to Welcome Back Home Most Famous Colored Singer at 3rd Annual Guardian Concert—Jamieson and White Play—Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Swan, Mr. Jones Give Fine Support—Mayor of Boston, Mayor's Wife, Descendant of Wendell Phillips and Her Mother Hear Selika and Stand With Her in Receiving Line—Greatest Guardian Benefit.

(By L. L. F.)

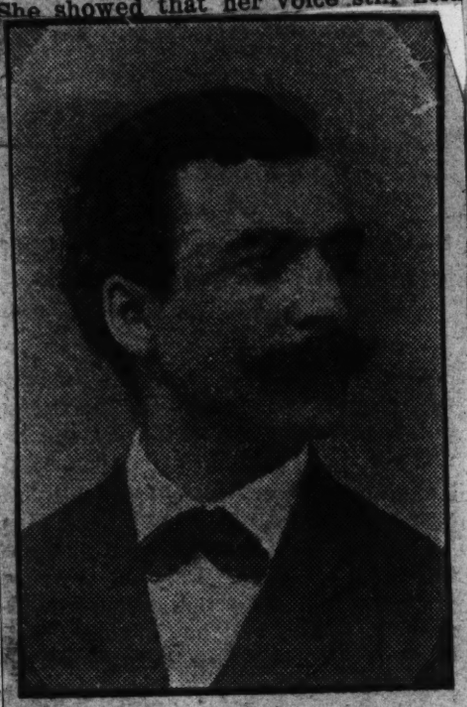
The Shawmut Congregational Church, cor. Tremont and Brookline Sts., was packed beyond its seating capacity on Thursday night to welcome back to Boston, Madame Selika, the Colored prima donna who attained the greatest recognition in America and Europe of any Colored singer. 1650 people turned out to pay tribute, as well, to the editor of the Guardian and to show their splendid appreciation of the wide-reaching influence for the race's course of this newspaper organ. An hour before the opening of the program every seat in the Auditorium was filled and additional chairs were placed in every available nook and corner, and the galleries, pulpit and choir space were packed.

People from all walks in life were present, and at least three generation sof people were represented. The Mayor of the city, Hon. A. J. Peters and Mrs. Peters (who is a grand niece of the late Wendell Phillips) were the most distinguished attendants, Mrs. Peters' mother accompanying them. Mayor Peters was a classmate of Mr. Trotter, and his interest in the Guardian Benefit Concert was genuine.

The concert opened with eloquent remarks by Albert G. Wolff, Esq., master of ceremonies, who said the audience meant appreciation of Madame Selika. Then came a great organ voluntary by Frederic P. White. Next a tenor solo "Celeste Aida," by T. Wilcott Swan, splendidly sung, which was well received, an encore demanded. Then came Mr. Wm. H. Dupree the patron, manager years ago and friend of the guest, who spoke on Mme. Selika, who was given a lengthy and hearty and deafening ovation.

OVATION TO SELIKA.

Madame Selka made the same modest retiring stage presence that she was wont to do many years ago. She has changed but slightly in appearance, but she retains the old tme grace and charm and sweetness of expression. Her voice gives proof of its wonedrful training in spite of the fact that it has lost some of its former full strength and that she is still an artist is undisputed. Her "Caro Nane, from Rigoleta, was received with tremendous burst of applause which called for an encore. She sang the "Ave Maria" with organ accompaniment by Mr. White and in this number she was at her best. She showed that her voice still held its sweetness and its great range easily skipping from the highest to the lowest notes, and always sure of herself. In her final encore piece she sang from her repertoire in Italian. The perfect control she still exercises over her voice was evinced in this number when she took a high-pitched pianissimo note and held it long and evenly, an old characteristic in the singing of Mme. Selika. She prefers to sing in Italian and her pronunciation was clear and smooth, for it is a language with which she is easily familiar. It was with reluctance that the audience let her go.



LATE JAS. MONROE TROTTER.
Father of Editor in Whose Honor Mme. Selika was Brought to Boston for the Guardian Concert.

The rest of the program included piano solos by Prof. Sam'l W. Jamison, soprano solos by Mrs. Ada Gaskins Mason, violin solo by Louia V. Jones and Shakespearean readings by Mrs. Sarah J. Allen (Vincent Bradley.)

The assisting artists.

Mr. Jamieson received a great ovation and special reqeusts were sent to the pianist that he play his inimitable "Way Down upon the Swanee River," and "Home Sweet Home," with their wonderful variations.

Mrs. Mason's sweet oice was at its best and "In the Deep o' the Daisies" she wa seasily a favorite, while in "O Heart of Mine" which she interpreted beautifully, she carried away her audience. Mr. Jones played with skill and feeling and in the "African Dance" by S. Coleridge Taylor, displayed the exceptional talent he possesses as a fine violinist.

Mrs. Allen, the elocutionist, showed great talent along dramatic lines and portrayed "Armenia" in Othello in a most able and artistic manner, and made a further "hit" in Hagar's Farewell to Abraham.

The accompanists for the occasion were Prof. Fred White, on the organ, and at the piano, for Mme. Selika, her old accompanist; Mr. Ernest Hayes for Mr. Louis V. Jones, violinist, and Mrs. Lillian Reynolds Beale, for Mr. Swan and Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Beale showed her great and well known proficiency as an accompanist.

At the close of the concert, after the audience, led by Mr. Swan, had sung two verses of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, Mr. Trotter made a graceful speech in which he tendered his thanks to the wonderful audience assembled.

A reception was held in the vestry to give everyone a chance to meet Mme. Selika, and the Mayor of Boston as well. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Andrew J. Peters, Mrs. Philips , her mother, Mrs. Nellie Brown Mitchell, Mrs. Estelle Pinckey Clough, Madame Mamie Flowers, Mrs. M. Cravath Simpson, Mr. Wm. H. Dupree, Mr. S. W. Jamieson, Prof. Fred P. White, Mrs. S. J. Allen, Mrs. Ada Gaskins Mason, Mrs. L. C. Parrish, Chairman, headed the line and presided most gracefully.

The benefit is the greatest the Guardian has ever had, and the wonderful tribute paid at this time must be accredited to the drawing power of the most popular and the best beloved musical artist among us, Mme. Selika.

The concert and reception were managed with ability, Mr. Druery and Secretary Moore sold tickets. Dr. A. P. Russell, Jr., Mr. N. N. Rayner, Mr. R. E. Lee, Mr. Geo. T. Davis, Mr. William Robinson and Mr. Robert

"Incomplete

Henry F. Gilbert's "The Dance in Place Congo", ballet pantomine after a story of old New Orleans by George W. Cable, was one or two novelties presented im March at the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York times heralds Mr. Gilbert's work, not only as "all American", sincerely and genuinely based on the folk-songs of the American Negro, familiar Southern tunes in an artistic score, but as "the most artistic piece of ~~the~~ Negro ragtime rhapsody Broadway has shown.

The Crisis May 1918. P.30.

"Song of the Heart," dedicated to David Bispham, a new composition by J. Rosamond Johnson, has been published by Ricordi & Company; also a book of organ transcriptions by Richard Keys Biggs, which contains H.T. Burleigh's "Deep River" and the second number of his "Southland Sketches".

The Crisis. July 1918. P. 136.

The July number of the Musical Observer contains a continued article on " The Drum in Africa, the Use of Music by Primitive People in Time of War." written by Maud Cuney Hare, of Boston, Mass.

The Crisis. August 1918. P. 188.

Pauline Dempsey and Anthony Byrd are colored players in the Metro film "The eyes of Mystery." which features Edith Storey.

The Crisis March 1918. P. 248.

The Musical Observer for August publishes the conclusion of "The Drum in Africa-The Use of Music by a Primitive People in Time of War" by Maud Cuney Hare.

The Crisis, September 1918. P. ~~236~~ 239

E. Aldama Jackson in New York City has had his settings to two Negro Spirituals accepted for publication by Novello & Company. "Go Down Moses" and "Don't Be Weary."

The Crisis August 1918. P 189.

William E. Scott, the colored artist, has finished a series of frescos in the Courthouse at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Crisis. August 1918. P. 189.

The noted American violinist, Eddy Brown, has transcribed two Negro Melodies "Over There" "Nobody Knows".
"Overthere" and "No Body Knows"

The Crisis July 1918.P 136.

JAMES W. JOHNSON, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

The New York Age March 14/1918.

WRITERS OF WORDS AND MUSIC.

My colleague, Lester A. Walton, expressed mild indignation last week over the manner in which lyricists are generally ignored on concert programs. Writing of a concert recently given in Boston Mr. Walton said:

> In glancing over the program I note that the usual policy of completely ignoring the lyricist was consistently followed out. For what reason the writer of the words to a song is always kept in the background on high-class musical programs has always been a source of wonderment to me. When I ask those who should know, for instance the publisher, I am repeatedly told, "Merely a matter of custom."

For every custom there is some sort of a reason. Then if it is the custom generally to ignore or not to accord recognition to the writer of the words to a musical composition, on what reason is the custom founded?

To get at the reason we must go back a little into the history of words wedded to music. The first phase of what is known as the modern song was the songs of the troubadours. The troubadours flourished from the 10th to the 14th centuries. In these songs the words were the chief feature, the music was merely incidental. The poets told in these songs wonderful and beautiful stories of war and adventure and love, and the listeners hung upon each word that fell from the singer's lips. With the development of the vocal art there came a change; the listener gradually became more interested in the sound than in the story. Early in the 18th century the concert aria was well established, and the music was filled with runs and trills and other florid decorations. People were astonished and then delighted by these vocal pyrotechnics, words to a song took not only second, but a very insignificant place. In fact, the greater portion of many of the songs required nothing more than the syllable "Ah." As a natural consequence the words fell off in quality.

The same thing was true in opera. The Italian school was then in undisputed ascendancy, and vocalization was carried to such a high pitch of perfection that libretto writers had to make their words fit the notes as best they could. As a result, the words to the opera of the period were often little more than doggerel. Sopranos simply tra-la-la-ed. That was opera.

But even with the change wrought in song writing by Schumann and Brahms and in opera writing by Wagner, a change which made it the business of the composer to interpret the words of the text and to emphasize the emotional situations of the story, words remained an unimportant part of musical compositions. Take what is, perhaps, Verdi's greatest opera, "Aida," an opera in which he followed the Wagnerian principle of making the music support and develop a tragic story; how many even of the people who are well versed in music know who wrote the words of "Aida"? The man who wrote the words of this immortal work was Antonio Ghislanzoni. Be honest and admit that you never heard of him.

But let us come down from opera. If a vote should be taken on the most famous song written in America in the last twenty years, I have no doubt that the vote would go to "The Rosary." It is a beautiful song, a song that every body knows, and stranger still, a song to which everybody knows the words. When a person hums "The Rosary," he also hums the words. Most people who know anything about composers know that Nevin wrote the music, but not one person out of a hundred knows or cares who wrote the words.

The writers of words have a just grievance. Nevin could never have written such a song as "The Rosary" if the poem had not given him the idea and the inspiration. As Mr. Walton says, Alex Rogers wrote the words for "The Rain Song" and "Exhortation," two of Will Cook's most famous songs, songs that could not have been written had Rogers not first furnished the idea and inspiration. Mr. Walton himself wrote the words that gave birth to the beautiful little plantation ballad, "Mammy." But what can Rogers and Walton and the rest of us expect when nobody is even bothered about who wrote the words to "The Rosary?"

There is, of course, an explanation to the whole thing and it is this. Sound has a wider appeal than sense. That is a truth not applicable merely to ignorant people, but people of intelligence and good taste. Most people who go to the opera go there not to be stirred by the story and music of a great tragedy, they go to hear a Galli Curci warble like a bird or to hear a Caruso hit a high C.

Naturally, I stand with the word writers, and say that something ought to be done. At the recitals given in Aeolian Hall and Carnegie Hall a "book of words" is folded in each program, so the listener can see who is the author of the text of the song and at the same time find out what the singer is singing about—a more or less necessary arrangement—since most singers do not sing words. But such a method would be too expensive for the average concert; nevertheless, it would be a simple matter to print the name of the lyrist in italics directly under that of the composer and so give him the credit that is due him without taking away any of the honor belonging to the musician.

Yet, I fear, Brother Walton, that you and I and all the rest of the word writers are up against it. I guess these composer fellows feel that we ought to be happy because they allow our names to be printed on the music.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1918

With the Musicians

MAIL

MARCH 16, 1918

By SIGMUND SPAETH.

NEXT Saturday, March 23, may prove to be a big day in the history of American music. For on that date three American compositions will receive their first public hearing, while a fourth will be presented for the first time in orchestral form.

As it happens these works are all in quite different styles and built upon utterly dissimilar foundations. Charles Wakefield Cadman's one-act opera, "Shanewis," represents another attempt to dramatize the American Indian, this time in thoroughly modern surroundings, with the reservations as a background. Henry F. Gilbert's "Dance in the Place Congo" is a ballet descriptive f a dramatic episde in the creole life of early New Orleans. Both of these are to be produced on Saturday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In the evening the Russian Symphony Orchestra will play for the first time the complete orchestral version of John Powell's "At the Fair," sketches of typical American country life, and will also introduce the same composer's new "Negro Rhapsody," a piece which seems worth a more detailed preliminary discussion.

An Intimate Musical Study of the Black Race.

JOHN POWELL has spent most of his life in close proximity to the negroes of the South, and has made a careful study of their racial characteristics. He has heard the music which white men generally are not allowed to hear, the weird strains which they sing and play among themselves when they are not observed.

Mr. Powell finds that the negroes unconsciously use the quarter tones in their scale, giving them twenty-four intervals to an octave. The only way in which their typical effects can be suggested on the piano is by the use of the "neutral mode," varying between major and minor. The composer does this with practically all the primitive themes he has employed.

His entire rhapsody is an emotional expression of the sensuous tendencies of the negro's religion, with always a lurking implicatin of the primordial African jungle in the background. It is written not in a patronizing or cajoling spirit, but out of a deep understanding of a free yet well balanced form. At the start he announces a theme taken from the street cry of a vendor of watermelons, and this is immediately contrasted with the jerking, monotonous rhythm of one of those emotional frenzies common to the primitive black, but rarely heard nowadays.

Later Mr. Powell introduces more familiar strains, such as "Living low, sweet chariot" and "I want to be ready," but even these are in an unearthly, harmonically incoherent form. There follows what the composer calls "one of the vilest of all negro songs," and this works up in a wild orgy of syncopations to a hideous yet brilliant climax.

In manuscript, at least, John Powell's "Negro Rhapsody" looks like an immensely significant composition.

Salzedo, Ravel and Florent Schmitt in Choruses.

CARLOS SALZEDO, a New Yorker, who served two years ago with the French army, has brought back with him some "songs from the trenches." There are eight of these choral songs, composed and first performed by soldiers, including himself, which will be new to New York in their original form at the coming spring concert of the Musical Art Society next Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Salzedo's "Four Choruses in Sonata Form," heard hitherto only for solo voice, will be found to be not war songs, but rather the relaxations of a musician from the war.

Maurice Ravel writes of the France of less troubled times in his "Three Choruses," which are also to be heard for the first time here. The present crisis finds echo in a final battle piece by Florent Schmitt, a "Chant de Gurre."

Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" will again head Dr. Frank Damrosch's programme, as it did once in the Musical Art Society's opening season twenty-five years ago.

Elgar's "The Shower," which won immediate repetition in 1916, is

...ing pieces, with his "Serenade," Brahms's "Where'er I Go," Rimsky-Korsakoff's Russian song, "Farewell Carnival," and an old Netherland "Hymn of Thanks."

Theodore Von Hemert Sings Again.

WHEN Theodore von Hemert, Dutch baritone, last sang at Aeolian Hall his original programme translations were of rather more interest than his voice or his art. Yesterday, however, a marked improvement was noticeable at least on the vocal side, whereas the poetic gift of the singer was kept discreetly in the background.

Mr. von Hemert obviously prides himself on his interpretation of German ballads. In no other way could two successive attacks of Loewe be explained, with Schubert's "Erlkoenig" in the same group. Of all of these the criticism must be made that the voice of the singer is insufficient to carry out his very good intentions.

In modern French and English songs Mr. von Hemert had a chance to display his taste in phrasing and other details of art in such a way as to increase the regret over the shortcomings of his physical equipment.

Jacques Jolas was again not only a sympathetic accompanist, but also played some piano solos with good effect, among them an interesting new Fantasy by Dwight Fiske.

Last evening's opera bill presented a repetition of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Le Coq d'Or."

The Charge to Black Soldiers by the French Commander

"Soldiers of France, the world's truest democracy,
Your battle will decide if France shall perish.
Vive la Democracy! Vive la Democracy!
Death to autocraey!

"Strike the German right wing—
You must save the pride of France
Repel, repel the troops of the king,
Vive la France! Vive la France!
Charge Bayonet! Charge the enemy! Charge!

Then down charged the Black cavalry
Followed by the Black Brigade,
They eclipsed the world with their chivalry
By the great charge they made,

For more than a thousand leagues over dale and field
Rained bursting shot and shell.
Black soldiers rode with nerves of steel
While foe and comrade fell;

And I spied them, rapidly firing as they rode half bent
Dashing past their message of death
Straight to the German ranks they went
Until they felt their horses breath;

Then, thrusting their bayonets and lancets they led,
Around them shrapnel fell.
Many a German lay far from his head
That fought once so brave and well.

The brave brigade, blown from beneath by German mines,
Black heroes rushed in great haste
To fill the gaps rent in their lines
Fighting Germans face to face.

Many fell, dispatched by bombs from a trench
That blighted all ties of love,
They fought, 'they fought inch by inch'
While aviators watched from above.

Still, tearing flesh with guns asunder,
They forced the Germans to a clinch.
Hark! the artillery thundered,
While they charged from trench to trench.

The Black Soldiers won their battle the day
When German foot guards fled.
Remember, men, remember!
The great charge they led.

France then flashed the news from land to land
Of her dusky warriors' terrific fight,
Their bloody lancet charges hand to hand
Caused the German prince to die from fright.
(The prince had fainted).

MARCHING OUT GODS OF HELL

San Juan Hill

July the Fourth, eighteen hundred
and ninety-eight
The Rough Riders fell,
Excited at the guns of hell—
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?

There was their rivalry,
The Ninth and Tenth cavalry.
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery,
Fearing not their lives to sell,
Dashing to the gods of hell.
What was their fate to be?
Only wait and see.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Juan Hill.

The Ninth and Tenth cavalry—
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery;
They spied their way was shut
By barriers they quickly cut,
On and on they rode and fell
Through a rain of shot and shell,
Spitting through the doors of hell.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Juan Hill.

The Ninth and Tenth cavalry—
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery;
Dashing by the barriers they broke,
Gazing through a cloud of smoke
While rifle and canon spoke;
On and on they rode and yelled,
Fearing not their lives to sell,
Dashing to the gods of hell.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Juan Hill.

The rough riders had blundered—
Spanish guns thundered,
Man o' wars lumbered,
All the world wondered
What their fate would be—
Only wait and see.

The Spanish fort ceased to roar;
And guns of death were heard no more.
What was her fate to be?
Only wait and see.
Black Soldiers were coming still,
Dashing, yelling up the hill.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July ?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Juan Hill.

They heard the clatter of horses' feet,
They heard the brave Black Soldiers speak,
They heard the signal of a buglar's call,
Excited they stood, backs to the wall,
Their flag was lowered in their face,
The Stars and Stripes raised in its place.
The Black Soldiers come true as night,
Afraid not to die or fight;
They gazed around at them that fell,
While marching out the gods of hell.

N.Y. EVE. SUN
JULY 26 1918

Negro Music.

From the Musical Courier.

In a recent issue of the *Southern Workman* is a fine article on "Negro Music of the Present," written by R. Nathaniel Dett.

Mr. Dett thinks that more might be made of the material in America and that American musicians are on the wrong track when they give so much time to the imitation of European music. "If Dvorak, Busoni, Coleridge-Taylor and Laparra, all foreigners, could discover in America, after only a few months sojourn, enough native material for a symphony, a piano concerto, an oratorio, a great quantity of salon music, and an opera, it is quite safe to conclude that if American composers themselves have not found here home inspiration for similar works defective eyesight rather than the lack of wellsprings from which to draw must be to blame."

Mr. Dett probably knows that it is not easy to use negro melodies effectively in symphonic works, and he is aware that a great many musicians do not think that the negro tune should be the distinguishing mark of American music.

No one yet knows what the characteristics of American music of the highest class are to be. It cannot possibly do any harm and it may do much good to study the music of the American negro, for it has a style of its own.

Perhaps, indeed, there may one day come a composer from the American negro himself to dignify his native music.

New York Age. June 1918

TWO BOOKS

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse" for the year 1917 is better than ever. There are many persons who have a vague sort of notion that all the good poetry was written a century or more ago; a perusal of this volume will convince these persons of their error. The book contains poetry of every kind that is being written by modern poets, from the most delicately framed lyrics to the freest of free verse. Two Negro poets have gained a place in this issue of the "Anthology." Roscoe C. Jamison is represented by a noble poem, "Negro Soldiers," and Georgia Douglas Johnson by a fine sonnet, "To the Mantled." The volume will offer pleasure to those who love poetry; and to those who are attempting to write poetry, it will afford a great opportunity for studying the contemporary practice of the art.

Trotzky's "The Bolsheviki and World Peace" is a book which should interest Age readers. Indeed, it is a book which should be read by all intelligent colored people. If any one wants to get a clear understanding of what is going on in Russia and what the Russian revolutionists have in mind, he will find the information in Trotzky's book and will gain a new light on one of the most vital movements in the world's history. Negro readers, especially, will find much in the book to think about.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1918

The Evolution of Statistics

N Y C POST
AUGUST 24 1918

The History of Statistics. Their Development and Progress in Many Countries. Collected and edited by John Koren. New York: Published for the American Statistical Association by the Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

THE occasion which prompted the compilation of this heavy volume was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the American Statistical Association, which began its career in 1839. There are here included articles tracing the course of statistical work in all the important countries of the globe save two, Italy and Japan, where the war interfered with the preparation of expected manuscripts. Even Austria, Germany, Hungary, and Belgium are represented by authoritative essays sent by statistical officials of those nations. The work is, as its compiler boasts, without a counterpart in any language and would not now be duplicated; and it is doubly important in that it summarizes an era which the war has now closed, for after the conflict statistical work must necessarily take on new forms.

A quarter-century ago Gen. Francis A. Walker—probably our greatest statistician—declared that "the American people are intensely and passionately devoted to statistics." It must at any rate be a proud thought to Americans that their country is the undoubted leader among all nations in the field of statistics, a leadership held despite some very great deficiencies here, as our shameful lack of vital statistics. As S. N. D. North says in this work, "We compile a greater volume of statistical material, and cover a greater variety of topics, than any other country." The statistical product of the national Government is impressive in quantity and quality; that of the States is great though uneven, and there is a growing volume of statistics due to private enterprise. The decennial census of our national population and resources, originated in 1790 in response to the need for some regular reapportionment of Congressional seats, was an American invention, and it has given us alone among all the nations a complete comparative record of population from the beginning of the national existence. Moreover, we have made our regular censuses far more broadly useful than any other nation. It was early seen that while the statistics of population were being gathered, other statistics might be easily and usefully compiled. In 1820 agriculture was brought within the enumeration, in 1840 manufactures, and at later dates other inquiries, until the census has become a great national stock-taking that covers almost every topic of statistical interest in the life of the nation. We now have a five-year census of both manufactures and agriculture, and the day is coming when, like France and Germany, we shall have a five-year census of population. But other nations have grasped the possibilities of the census for enumeration in diversified and detailed ways only inadequately, and have a great deal to learn from us. The Tenth Census, that of 1880, superintended by Walker, already experienced and fired by the idea of making the centennial record a complete one, will always remain a landmark in the world's statistical history.

Our railway statistics, as organized by Henry C. Adams for the Interstate Commerce Commission, are nowhere surpassed. The Mint's statistics of the world's production of the precious metals are accepted by other countries as standard. The Immigration Bureau's statistics have of late become as complete as they are important. The Yearbook of Agriculture is esteemed the most complete survey of farm production and the exchange of farm products, national and international, in the world. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce tabulates our trade with a comprehensiveness and accuracy that are the envy of other lands. Moreover, a good deal of special statistical work is done in the United States that is not paralleled in other nations—partly because other nations are not as reckless of their money as we have been. The report of some years ago on the Condition of Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States, made by what is now called the Bureau of Labor Statistics, runs to nineteen heavy volumes—and how often are those volumes consulted? Taken all in all, the statistical work of the United States is in a class of its own; as, of course, considering the wealth, size, and social and industrial complexity of the country, it should be.

This volume shows that in the collection of vital statistics, important in so many ways, England has always led. The work of registration of births and deaths was first organized by Dr. William Farr, of the mother country, beginning in 1837; and the "Annual Reports of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages," traceable to his efforts, is an unrivalled series of volumes in demographic statistics. Upon such statistics the work of social reform largely depends, and the day of public insistence upon them ought to be hastened in America. The paternal social-welfare legislation, which also originated in Great Britain and which has reached such great proportions there and in Germany and Scandinavia in recent decades, also provides in all these countries a growing harvest of statistics, control, accidents, wages, and so on. This type of statistics, as distinguished from the census enumerations of this country, is also the commonest in lands like Australia and New Zealand. It is a little surprising to learn that statistical work in Germany is, from a comprehensive point of view, in rather a disappointing condition, due to the fact that so much of it is still left to the separate states and is performed by them in such a way that the results are difficult to collate.

MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSES

The New York Age
10/26/18

(BY LESTER A. WALTON)

TWO weeks ago, in renewing his subscription for THE AGE, William R. Holland, who resides in Seattle, Wash., enclosed an additional $1 with the request that he be forwarded songs written by members of the race. I now have before me a second letter from Mr. Holland asking that he be advised where he can secure musical numbers featured this season by our representative colored shows.

Colored composers, one and all, should doff their hats to Mr. Holland. He is a doer, not a talker. Neither would it be amiss for our advocates of *race co-operation* to point out Mr. Holland as a shining example of one who practices what he preaches.

If there were just 100,000 more William R. Hollands out of the twelve million colored Americans it would not be a very long time before the race could boast of music publishing houses in New York where talented young men and women might find an avenue for the exploitation of their musical compositions.

In the United States to-day there are hundreds of young colored song writers of promise, but they find little encouragement, if any, in the music publishing world. This unfavorable condition is due largely to the inability of these ambitious writers to secure the serious consideration of the white publisher. But the latter, it must be remembered, first must give a willing ear to the compositions of young white writers.

The need of the establishment of music publishing houses conducted mainly to exploit the musical numbers of colored writers is not a new subject. Two years ago Alex Rogers and I not only discussed it at length but spent much valuable time in a futile effort to enlist white and colored people of means who bear the reputation of being extremely sympathetic toward the Negro.

Our experience was none too pleasant, and after numerous personal interviews and exchange of correspondence on the wholesale we finally reached the conclusion that if a colored publishing house was to be formed it would be without the financial aid of philanthropists. We also found out that philanthropists, as a general rule, do not care to further race projects, even if there is a roseate opportunity to combine philanthropy with business to their financial advantage, unless the aims and objects strike their particular fancy. Giving with many of them seems to be a fad.

One of the philanthropists, while thinking well of the plan, was inclined to think that the publishing

house should devote much of its efforts toward getting out songs for colored churches. Of course, we felt that our field of endeavor ought not to be restricted, nor did we care to confine ourselves to publishing religious numbers only.

Another philanthropist of note was asked to look at the proposition as one in which he would get back his original investment. We assured him that we did not want a cent for our services, which would be gratis until the business became well established. We likened the present situation existing among colored writers to an orchard where the fruit was falling to the ground and rotting, due to neglect and failure to gather it.

This philanthropist in question admitted that an outlet should be provided for our promising colored writers, but frankly stated that helping the Negro in the realm of music was distinctly out of his line. Before the conference was over he asked me to help him in the furtherance of a pet idea of his which meant the expenditure of more money and was far less practical. However, his plan of promoting the interest of the race, while less practical, was far more spectacular and would have put him more in the limelight.

After similar experience with white philanthropists, Mr. Rogers and I decided to turn our attention to colored men throughout the country known to have fat bank accounts and who are supposed to believe that the race will become that much stronger and influential in proportion to the solid business enterprises it can put in the commercial world. There were some who did not have the common courtesy to reply, while others were not so favorably impressed with facts and figures presented, as the proposition did not have the aspect of a get-rich-quick scheme. It failed to quicken their imagination the same as a 100 to 1 shot at the races.

Some Negroes throughout the country who are known for opening wine and "going big" in public, thought the idea "wonderful," but that was all they did—just think; so the publishing company was ultimately organized in a most modest way—by the writer going down in his jeans. With the proper cooperation the enterprise could have been started under more auspicious conditions.

There are two music publishing concerns struggling for recognition and success in New York at this time. One is the Walton Publishing Company, which is in swaddling clothes, and the Pace & Handy Music Company, which is known as the "Home of the Blues" and took up residence in the metropolis a few months ago. This firm has been trying to gain a foothold for more than five years, and it affords me pleasure to be able to state that its future looks bright.

Since the advent of Pace & Handy in New York I have heard colored writers declare that they would not place their numbers with a colored firm, as their previous experience with colored publishing houses some years ago was none too remunerative. I have heard these same writers complain of being unable to get their sons with a white publisher. Were an investigation made it would be brought to light that the colored firm gave larger royalties than the white firms. Of course, many of us well know that one of our drawbacks is expecting too much of one another—because we are Negroes.

The two colored publishing firms mentioned herein have been able to live so far largely on account of the white musical public. But imagine what influence for good they would yield for race writers if there were 100,000 William R. Hollands—or say 50,000 William R. Hollands—out of twelve million people!

A POET AND LITERARY CRITIC

In a conversation once with a gentleman of pronounced literary ability, and whose name has appeared time without number in the Advocates and other publications, he remarked that a new Negro poet had been discovered by William Stanley Braithwaite of the Boston Transcript, whereupon our distinguished conversationist was informed that Wm. Stanley Braithwaite himself was a Negro. He could not believe it. But the fact remained and recently William Stanley Braithwaite was given the Spingarn medal for distinguished service to his race during the past year. At least three men of the race are dong work of such high order that they have actually crossed race lines and are contributing to the life of America in spite of the race with which they are connected. The triumphrate is composed of Harry T. Burleigh, soloist and composer, George C. Carver, scientist and William Stanley Braithwaite, poet and literary critic.

Mr. Braithwaithe is a recognized authority on literary production and is practically in charge of the literary dpartment of the Boston Transcript. He holds his position in the literary world not because of his race, but in spite of it. His poetry and production, both in quality and quantity, are of exceedingly high order. They bear the mark of a genius and rare intellectual grasp. Mr Braithwaite has not written particularly upon racial subjects. He is thoroughly human He belongs to the human race with sympathies and feelings akin to mankind everywhere So that in every way he has appeared to have hid his racial identity, but he had no desire to get away from his race, for the contrary is true. He has steadily forged himself to the front until in the literary circles of today the name of William Stanley Braithwaite stands out for the highest and best that there is in American literature. He is a poet of extraordinary ability and a critic of accepted authority. By every rule of the test, Mr. Braithwaite had won the Spingarn Medal. He had rendered distinguished service to his race by rendering distinguished service to humanity and it was no cheap praise when he was awarded the Spingarn Medal. And so long as the medal is awarded on such high basis of efficiency and worth and usefulness more and more will it be a prize and an honor far beyond the anticipation of its generous donor.

In the presentaton of Mr. Braithwaite as an inspiration to our young people, we are happy to quote from Dr. Benjamin Brawley's volume "Negro in Literature and Art in the United States," Dr. Brawley in a chapter on the subject of our sketch tells something of Mr. Braithwaite's literary accomplishments. We quote:

"The foremost of the poets of the race at present is William Stanley Braitwaite, of Boston. Mr. Braithwaite is not only the possessor of unusual talent, but for years he has worked most conscientiously at his art and taken the time and the pains to master the fundamentals that others all too often deem unimportant. In 1904 he published a small book of poems entitled 'Lyrics of Life and Love.' This was followed four years later by 'The House of Falling Leaves.' Within recent years he has given less and less time to his own verse, becoming more and more distinguished as a critic in the special field of American poetry. For several years he has been a regular and valued contributor of literary criticism to the Boston Evening Transcript; he has had verse or critical essays in the Forum, the Century, Scribner's, the Atlantic, etc.; and in 1916 became editor of the New Poetry Review of Cambridge. He has collected and edited (publishing chiefly through Brentano's) 'The Book of Elizabethan Verse,' 'The Book of Georgian Verse' and 'The Book of Restoration Verse,' and he has also published the 'Anthology of Magazine Verse' for each year since 1913. He is the general editor of 'The Contemporary American Poets Series,' which is projected by the Poetry Review Company, and which will be issued in twelve little books, each giving a sympathetic study of a poet of the day; he himself is writing the volume on Edwin Arlington Robinson; and before long it is expected that a novel will appear from his pen. Very recently (1917) Mr. Braithwaite has brought together in a volume 'The Poetic Year,' the series of articles which he contributed to the Transcript in 1916-1917."

PLANTATION MELODIES.
Negro Folk Songs. Compiled from the Originals.

Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Mary Gillen Boshwitz, of Bessemer, who has recently completed a sympathetic and exhaustive study of negro folk songs, will have made a permanent and worthwhile contribution to art when 11 of her plantation melodies issue from the Bond shop press—Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son—Chicago, on or about the first of June. The words and tunes were obtained at first-hand in Alabama cabins and the fact that Carrie Jacobs-Bonds sponsors the songs ensures a ready and wide demand for them.

The music was harmonized by Oliver Chalifoux, whose name will appear jointly with that of Mary Gillen (Mrs. Boshwitz) on each song. The collection of 11 will be published with an artistically embellished cover, much in the style of Carrie Bonds' songs.

Music, Poetry and Art – 1918

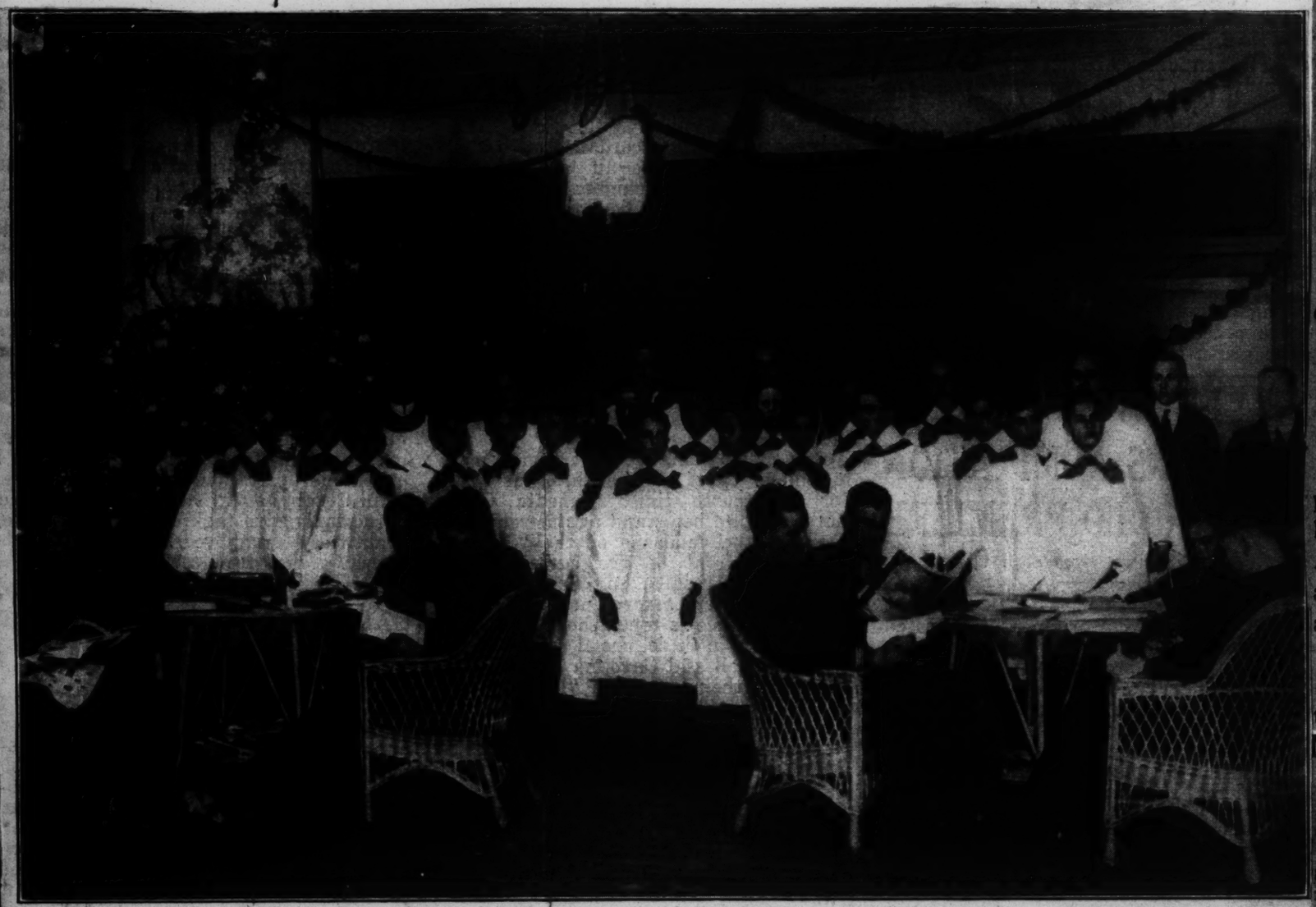


Photo Underwood & Underwood

All Angels' Choir Ushered in Christmas Eve by Going from One Service Club to Another, Singing a Program of Old Time Carols

THE POWER OF NEGRO MUSIC

New York Age – 6 – 29 – 18

[BY JOSEPH H. DOUGLASS]

I have noted that Negro music has been the unseen power in the Southland and the language through which our race has been able to create, sustain and convert, to a large extent, the white people of that section. I refer particularly to the folk song or spirituals and plantation melodies with their religious fervor.

Harry Burleigh has accomplished great work in the treatment of those spirituals and I am proud to note their public use by the leading colored and white artists of the country.

My engagements in recitals for our colleges, the majority of which are in the Southland, are always an inspiration to me when I note the eager and earnest purpose on the faces of students to make the best of their opportunity for a school and college education.

It has enabled them to assimilate and appreciate the highest standard in music as in all other accomplishments akin to refinement, culture and character.

And here, permit me to drop a few hints which I trust will be of service and strength to the rising talent of our race as well as others who are known to the public.

We all know that the musician's calling is to send light and inspiration into the deep recesses of the human heart and mind, and there to explain and satisfy, intelligently, a feeling that you hear.

It is, therefore, imperative that the concert performers of the race should not be content to rely solely on their natural gifts and only think seriously of the glory and commercial value of their tours instead of making a sacrifice for study and modesty, to the extent of giving an intelligent interpretation and being careful not to go beyond their conception of any work in a public exhibition.

I reserve that consideration for the student and public and always aim not to inflict anything on my hearers that I am unable to diagnose in title or interpretation for the sake of its print upon a program.

I have noted in my travels that we are not unlike any other members of the human race in that there may be found its classes of imitators, self appointed critics, self overrating in reckless advertising and authorities on everything, in order to satisfy a hunger for public notice.

There a distinction should be drawn by the unsuspecting public of our race, to protect our real unselfish benefactors who have sacrificed and devoted their lives to their especially fitted calling, for the general good.

Music of all races is doing its part in broadening and increasing a higher civilization, especially in America, where it is mostly needed, and I hope for the day when, on an equal footing, music will be recognized and credited as a major subject in the schools and colleges throughout the country.

Negroes Trained In Harlem School

N. Y. C. TRIBUNE
OCTOBER 20, 1918

To-day of the 100,000 negroes in greater New York 40 per cent of these families own a piano. Twenty per cent of the colored children are receiving musical instruction. The number is steadily increasing, and poverty is the only obstacle which keeps many thousands from enjoying the privilege of being taught.

One school in Harlem—the Martin-Smith Music School, 139 West 136th Street—has a student body of more than 300. It maintains a students' orchestra of 100 members and gives instruction on all orchestral and band instruments, as well as voice culture and dancing.

Among those helping this school are Conrad C. Held, who has given very freely of his time and talent. Last February one of his negro pupils, Eugene Mars Martin, a lad of thirteen years, gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall. He received great praise from the press.

The aim of the Martin-Smith Music School may be summed up in a few words: First—To give all deserving children an opportunity, regardless of their ability to pay for instruction. Second—To train professional musicians as missionaries to work in conjunction with other educational institutions. Third—To make special provision for students of unusual aptitude and talent to continue their work in more advanced schools after they have completed the normal course of this school.

The school needs financial assistance. It also needs proper quarters, healthier and better equipment.

The most ambitious part of the immediate programme is the establishment of a colored symphony orchestra of professional musicians. An endowment which would yield the school an income of $10,000 per annum would make such a plan possible and place the work on a substantial basis.

Gifts of musical instruments are also solicited. Contributions may be sent to Miss Minnie Brown, treasurer 139 West 136th Street, or David I. Martin, musical director, of the same address.

TINY NEGRO PLAYS VIOLIN.

N. Y. TIMES
FEBRUARY 22, 1918

Eugene Mars Martin Displays Extraordinary Musical Memory.

Eugene Mars Martin, a tiny 13-year-old negro lad, played a violin recital in Aeolian Hall last night, most remarkable in the fact that he played it at all, for he wasn't twice the size of his fiddle, and his bow arm was about half the length of his bow. His musical memory was extraordinary, as he proceeded without a note of music before him through a long suite in G minor by Zimbalist, with a concerto in A minor by Bach, and "La Folia" of Corelli, classics of taxing length. An "Adagio Pathetique" of Godard made more than one listener recall the agonies of Handel's "Largo," for example, to any player of like age. "The Bee" of Schubert, among lesser pieces, was repeated, and after Coleridge-Taylor's "Two African Dances" there was a trio by Conrad C. Held, the artistic accompanist, at the concert's close.

Young Martin's father started in music study under the advice of Louis Svecenski of the Kneisels, who was present last night. The audience, saying one, was of Mr. Martin's own race, such as had perhaps not been seen in the history of Aeolian Hall.

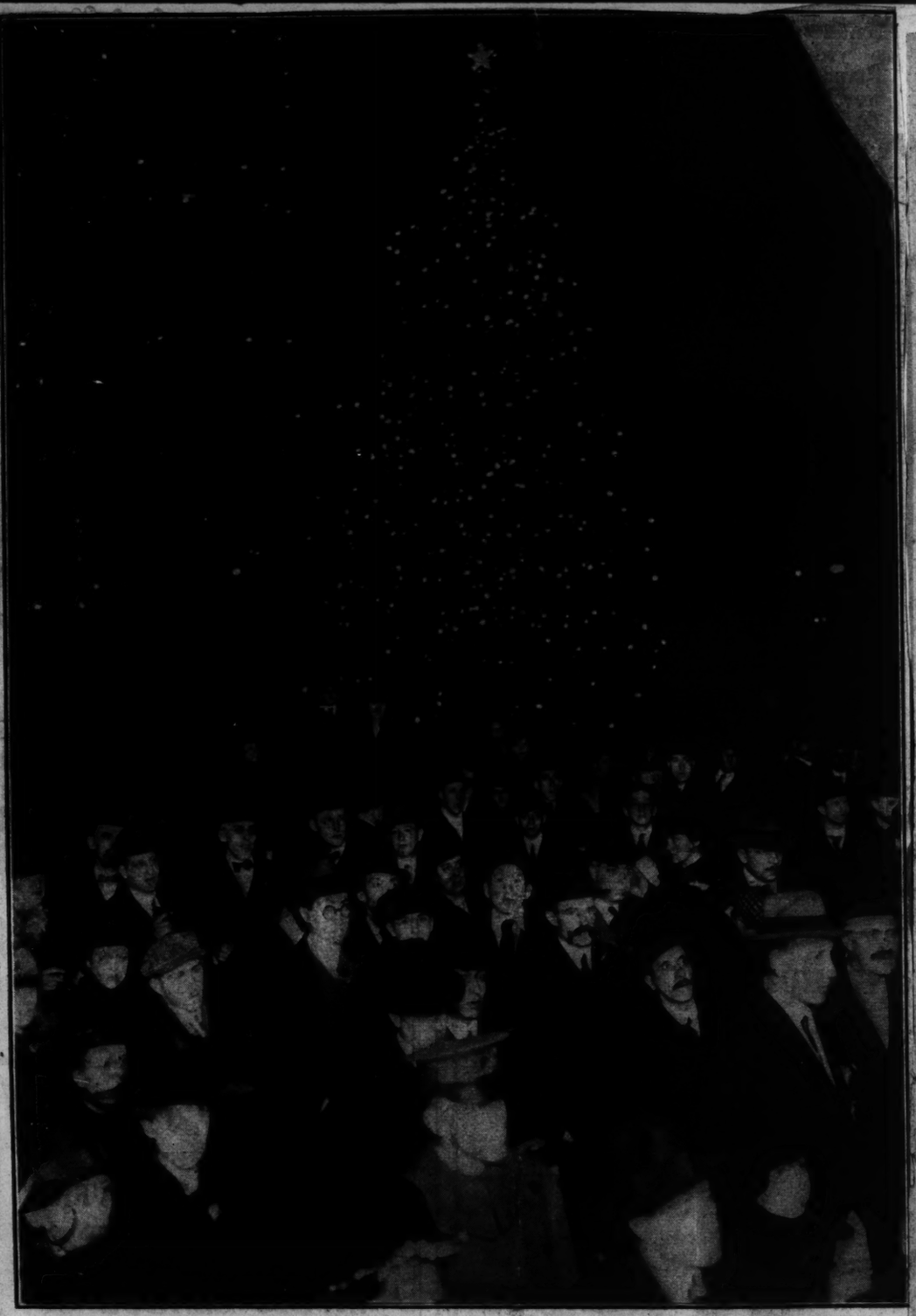


Photo Underwood & Underwood

Great Crowds Gathered About the Tree of Light in Madison Square and Sang Carols on Three Evenings of Christmas Week

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Negro Music May Develop Into Typical Art Form

MAIL
JUNE 13, 1918

Characteristics of American Rhythm and Melody Are Taken from Negroes, Says J. Rosamond Johnson—Chance for Real Accomplishment.

By MINNA LEDERMANN.

IN my Castle on de River Nile
I am gwinter live in elegant style,
Inlaid diamonds on de flo',
A Baboon butler at my do'.
When I wed dat Princess Anna Mazoo,
Der my blood will change from red to blue,
Entertaining royalty all the while
In my Castle on the Nile.

LESS than a decade ago this little song was the darling of popular enthusiasm. Its pleasing, catchy rhythm and verse of the most charming naivete possessed the air. And through the same period "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes," "Nobody's Lookin' but the Moon," followed, one after the other, on a phenomenal tide of success. Since their time surely no song-hits have reached the same high mark in our favor.

Rosamond Johnson, the genial negro who wrote these tunes and sang them to fame in vaudeville, is to-day the director of a music school settlement for colored people. Here the dark children of Harlem come to study the scales and classics of Europe—Mozart, Beethoven, Bach and infinitum.

Art is indeed long, and takes many a curious route. When the history of negro music in America is written Mr. Johnson's career will make one of its early, brightest pages.

HIS PERSONALITY.

He is a very interesting man, in the prime of life. Varied experience has engendered in him a mixture of radical and conservative feeling. He is vigorously young in the expression of it—a quite radiant, refreshing person.

"You know," he says, "everybody knows, the negro is talented. We're a musical race. We don't need to talk to prove it. It's too much of a fact. There may not be a record of it in the conservatory textbooks. But it's written on every page of ragtime that gets published.

"What, I ask you, is American music? I'll tell you a little story. I was conducting a Hammerstein's revue on the continent one season. It was a potpourri of French waltzes and Viennese and all the regular stuff.

"There wasn't any enthusiasm or audible comment the first night of the first big town we played until we struck into some ragtime number. Then I could feel that whole audience wake up, and I heard this word pass all around the house: 'American! American!'

"That's the answer.

"The thing that makes American music is its ragged time, its syncopation. Triple syncopation. And do you want to know what the origin of that is?

"It comes from the patting of the foot, clapping of the hand and the strumming of a banjo." Mr. Johnson is given to the plastic illustration of his ideas, for which he has had long and effective training. He illustrates here, with a pantomimic banjo, the three movements.

COLE AND JOHNSON.

"This, I believe, we, the negroes, brought with us from Africa."

Mr. Johnson has had the opportunity to test widely popular demand and popular taste in America. For many years he sang in the famous and highly lucrative partnership, "Cole and Johnson—Themselves," on every vaudeville circuit in the country. He wrote for Anna Held and Marie Cahill some of their best songs. Collaborating with his brother, the well-known poet, James Weldon Johnson, he achieved notable success. And he has toured the continent, exciting, by his own music, the first curiosity overseas in our American ragtime.

"Let me tell you another little thing." He chuckled at some sudden flashing memory. "One day, some years ago, I was walking along Fourteenth street, past Union Square park. I saw and heard a Salvation Army group singing. The tune sounded familiar, and as I went my way I racked and racked my brain to place it. After a long time it came to me, and this is what the Salvation Army was doing.'

"To the tune of 'Under the Bamboo Tree' Mr. Johnson sang:

"'If you like-a Jesus, and Jesus like-a you——'

"That's what one might call influence. We have affected America in another quite telling way—in your modern ballroom dancing. What makes it modern, different from the simple waltz and two-step of the last generation? Just those movements you took from our buck and wing and cakewalk. See—this from the shoulder," again illustrating in his highly accomplished professional manner, "this from the torso and this from the feet. Modified, yes, but just as clearly derived."

NOW AN EDUCATOR.

Mr. Johnson does not regret the limelight career which he renounced at its most promising moment. He feels in a modest, inarticulate way that his rigorous conservatory training and his gifts should be devoted to the education of the children of his race. His own early progress was halted by the furious and repressive race passion of the South. Here in the kindlier North he can himself advance the musical future of his people.

This is his credo, which he never tires of repeating:

"The negro child must devote himself to the study of musical standards. People often say education will spoil the negro for art. That is as careless as it is harmful. The negro must follow law in music as in life. Only genius can break laws.

"And we can't teach our children our primitive songs only. Those songs are not teachable, since they have no form. They are all right on the plantations of the South. But here in Harlem, where the negro has been permitted to learn what decent housing is, where he sends his child to school, he must 'do as the Romans do,' he must study what the world studies.

"We can't be characteristic all the time, you know. You might as well expect the children to run around the streets with nothing on, the way they once did in Africa, as expect these half-formed melodies of the plantations to satisfy them.

MUST DEVELOP.

"But," and this with Mr. Johnson is a very important but, releasing from him a great tide of eloquence, "it is with this primitive material that we will work in the future. As we grow in our knowledge of standards we will apply some semblance of theoretical order to it. We will make something big out of it.

"Of course we hear people warning us all the time. We mustn't touch those plantation songs. They must be preserved. I want to know for what. For somebody's archives? No, we've got to grow up with them and they with us."

Mr. Johnson has many hopes and many ingenious plans already for just such work. He has done something very interesting with "Walk Together, Children," that most tremendous of all the spirituals, arranging it ambitiously for chorus and orchestra. Some day, perhaps, he may be able to give it a fair public trial.

His pet project is, however, a negro symphony orchestra like the Boston or the Philharmonic. It should experiment with new tonal combinations, such as would particularly represent the emotional quality of the negroes in their rhythmic spirit and color. "All men," he says simply "are human; only in color are they different."

But such a scheme needs an endowment. War has depleted the funds even for the Music Schools Settlement. Money for negro institutions has become therefore and for the present Mr. Johnson's pet project.

COLORED GIRL SHOWS POWER OF MUSIC

SYLVIA LYONS writes the following essay in September Etude:

Music and Patriotism.

One day while taking my favorite walk to the park, I found a large white tent pitched there. After seeing many people go in I decided to follow them.

Inside was a short, elderly man trying his best to influence the people to subscribe for "Liberty Bonds." After urging them on and on without much response, he asked for a volunteer to hely him in this worthy enterprise. Jumping out of my seat and quickly getting on the platform I said, "Listen!"

A pin could have been heard as I played softly and sweetly the "Star Spangled Banner." Then I arose and cried out, "Do you want that flag torn town?"

The answer came loud and clear, "It never shall be!"

In a little while all of the bonds were sold and the town went over its quota.

SYLVIA E. LYONS (Age 14.)
Cambridge, Mass.

Sylvia is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lyons Jr. Mr. Lyons who is a 33rd degree Mason is the owner of the beautiful estate 35 Rice street, North Cambridge, where the family reside. Sylvia and the youngest daughter, Adelaide, are both piano pupils of Mrs. Estelle Ancrum Forster of 74 W. Rutland Sq., Boston. They have studied for the past 4 years.

Music, Poetry and Art – 1918

A Poet of the Sandhills

THE sandhill country of North Carolina is not inhabited by a people of particularly colorful or imaginative characteristics. They are of Scotch-Irish ancestry, a soft-spoken and self-contained folk mostly, living on small isolated farms from which they extract a fairly comfortable but not at all luxurious living. And yet from them sprang a genuine American lyricist, the sweetest singer the South has known since Lanier.

America knows its Whittiers of the New England snows, its Joaquin Millers of the craggy Sierras, its James Whitcomb Rileys of the corn-shocked Middle West, but of McNeill of the Carolina cotton fields and Negro cabins it has apparently heard but little.

John Charles McNeill died when still a young man, and North Carolina has only recently mourned the tenth anniversary of his loss. He was first a farmer boy and then a country lawyer. His themes were simple, homely things told with an artless melody that made some of his friends fond of calling him "the Robert Burns of North Carolina." He was never far away from the birthsteads of his sires, and the only time he was ever distant from his native heath a thread of plaintive homesickness crept into his song, as in:

When I go home, green, green will glow the grass
Whereon the flight of sun and cloud will pass;
Long lines of wood-ducks through the deepening gloam
Will hold above the west, as wrought on brass,
And fragrant furrows will have delved the loam,
When I go home.

McNeill did not take his profession of law very seriously. It irked his poet's soul to sit the livelong, sunny day behind piles of dusty tomes and mull over the opinions of ancient and respectable men long ago gathered to the dust. He much preferred to slam his office door and fare forth into the woods among the pine trees and roam the fields in which he found the homely characters, white and black, in whom his soul delighted. The scenes of his homeland he could paint with marvellous imagery, as in this picture entitled "Dawn":

The hills again reach skyward with
a smile;
Again, with waking life along its
way,
The landscape marches westward
mile on mile
And time throbs white into another day.

McNeill, unlike many verse makers, did not have to wait long to come into honor in his own country. The random verses that he cared to compose sometimes were printed in the little weekly of his home town. Soon the most prosperous daily newspaper in his State, recognizing a find, made him an offer to come and be its "staff poet," to write when and where he pleased. McNeill was not slow in accepting, and it was at this period, with abundant leisure in which to dream and invite his soul, that he composed some of his most characteristic verse. It found an almost instant welcome, and many a scrapbook in North Carolina contains the original newspaper copy of McNeill's "October." It is worth quoting at length:

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.
I see thee stand where all thy sisters meet
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of thy fruitful year
And on thy cheeks a tear.
Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute.
A hectic splendor lights thy days to sleep,
Ere the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun, who prays.
High and faint-heard thy passing migrant calls;
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his grey stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep.

It was in his delineation of Negro character through his dialect verse that many lovers of McNeill thought [illegible] McNeill, like most farm boys of his region, was on intimate terms with his Negro neighbors—picked cotton and cropped corn alongside them, hunted and fished with them, lay in the shade during the hot days of summer and exchanged observations on life and living with them. In the Negro as a "character," as a natural man, as an utterly human person, McNeill took the greatest delight. He knew the Negro's value to the South both as a hewer of wood and drawer of water and as rich and flavorful contrast to the monotony of lives that must struggle with a none too yielding soil.

McNeill's Negro dialect is that which he heard with his own ears. He did not make himself ridiculous, as so many would-be writers of dialect have done,

Chetty House, Kanndukathar

(From "Town Planning in Mādras," by H. V. Lanchester. London: Constable & Co.)

A NEGRO SCULPTOR.
BROOKLYN N Y CITIZEN
JANUARY 20, 1918

Meta Fuller Produces some Remarkable Work.

The foremost sculptor of the negro race in America at the present time is Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller. Her work may be said to fall into two divisions—th romantic and the social. The first is represented by such things as "The Wretched" and "Secret Sorrow," the second by "Immigrant in America," and "The Silent Appeal." The transition may be seen in "Watching for Dawn," a group that shows seven figures, in various attitudes of prayer, watchfulness and resignation, watching for the coming of daylight, or peace. In technique this is like "The Wretched:" in spirit, i tis like the latter work. It is as if the sculptors own seer, John the Baptist, had summoned her away from the romantic and esoteric to thet everyday problems of needy humanity.

There are many, however, who hope that she will not utterly forsake the field in which she first became famous. Her early work is not deliate or pretty; it is grewsome and terrible, but it is also intense and vital, and from it speaks the very tragedy of the negro race.—Benjamin Brawley in the Southern Workman.

N Y C MAIL
MARCH 25 1918

MORE NEGRO [illegible]

Judging by the creative output of John Powell, the real abilities of the American composer lie in the direction of absolute or, at the most, descriptive rather than dramatic music. His "Negro Rhapsody," introduced by the Russian Symphony Orchestra on Saturday evening is a singularly vital and compelling work, perhaps the most significant that has yet been inspired by Afro-American material. Its themes are realities, not echoes, and derive their substance from the jungle itself, not the comparatively civilized plantation.

Unfortunately Mr. Altschuler and his orchestra were obliged to prepare Saturday's performance in great haste, and consequently only did justice to the composition [illegible] although the composer himself labored valiantly and effectively at the piano. Mr. Powell's Rhapsody must be heard again and under better conditions before its worth can be fully appreciated.

The same composer's suite "At the Fair," already familiar in its original piano version, was played for the first time in Mr. Altschuler's admirable orchestral arrangement. There was also a first performance of Tscherepnin's "Fire Bird," curiously similar to Stravinsky's setting of the same theme, and the annual Russian revival of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony.

It was announced that owing to the absence of John W. Frothingham abroad the Russian Symphony Orchestra would thereafter be under the management of Daniel Mayer.

THE RUSSIAN SHAKESPEARE.

On Norman Hapgood's page in Leslie's Weekly there recently appeared the following paragraph: 11/12/18.

A Gilbert Murray is needed for Russia's greatest poet—a translator of his verse who could bring the Russian Shakespere as near to English speaking peoples as Mr. Murray has brought Euripides. This need was recalled on seeing in the Springfield Republican, one of our most cultivated newspapers, the attempt of a correspondent to render one of Pushkin's poems. He gave the meaning, but to give anything like the poetry would require the lucky combination of knowledge and literary faculty that Mr. Murray possesses. Many of us have come to look upon Tolstoi and Dostoevsky as the two greatest literary figures who have flourished in the last seventy-five years. Yet both of these men are held by Russians as standing below Pushkin as we hold Milton below Shakespere. This feeling for the foremost figure of Russian literature can be found earnestly expressed in the letters of Dostoevsky. To translate verse is always in part to traduce it, yet even by those who are not linguists some flashes from Goethe's Faust may be discerned, or from Dante, while of Moliere, a large part is open in all tongues. A poet like Aeschylus, where the language is beaten gold, is almost untranslatable, but I understand (with joy) that Mr. Murray is to make the experiment. The problem of putting Pushkin into English is much easier. It is not so easy as translating Moliere, but it is about like putting Shakespere into German. It surely ought to be done; but don't all speak at once.

Not many of us are familiar with the works of Pushkin, the national poet of Russia; and it is doubtful if very many of us are familiar even with the outstanding facts in the history of his life.

When Peter the Great was Czar of Russia some African potentate presented him with a full-blooded Negro of gigantic stature. Peter, the most eccentric ruler of modern times, dressed this Negro in soldier clothes, christened him Hannibal and made him a special body-guard.

But Hannibal had more than size, he had brain and ability. He not only looked well in a military uniform, he showed that he had in him the making of a real soldier. Peter eventually made him a general, and afterwards ennobled him. Hannibal, later, married one of the ladies of the Russian court. This same Hannibal was great grandfather of Pushkin, the national poet of Russia, the man who bears the same relation to Russian literature that Shakespeare bears to English literature.

Alexander Pushkin was born at Moscow in 1799. He had no struggle with poverty, nor did he seem to have any struggle for recognition. As one of his biographers puts it, "He walked into the Hall of Fame as naturally as a young heir steps into his lawful inheritance." When he was thirteen years old he went to school at the Lyceum of Tsarskoe Selo. When he was sixteen he declaimed his "Recollections of Tsarskoe Selo" in public at the Lyceum examination, and was immediately acclaimed as a poet.

All that Pushkin accomplished he accomplished within a short lifetime; for he was only thirty-eight when he was led into an unfortunate duel in which he was mortally wounded. An officer in the Russian army had been flirting with his wife. Pushkin received an anonymous letter, and thinking that this officer was the author of it, wrote him a violent letter which, according to the custom of the times, made a duel inevitable. It is recorded that such was Pushkin's frenzy of rage that, after lying wounded and unconscious in the snow, he insisted on going on with the duel, and fired another shot, giving a great cry of joy when he saw he had wounded his adversary. He died a few days after the duel.

Maurice Baring in his "Outline of Russian Literature," says, "Pushkin is Russia's national poet, the Peter the Great of poetry, who out of foreign material created something new, national and Russian, and left imperishable models for future generations. * * * He set the Russian language free from the bondage of the conventional; and all his life he was still learning to become more and more intimate with the savour and smell of the people's language. * * * He was gifted with divine ease and unpremeditated spontaneity. His soul was sincere, noble and open; he was frivolous, a child of the world and of his century; but if he was worldly, he was human; he was a citizen as well as a child of the world; and it is that which makes him the greatest of Russian poets."

We hope with Mr. Hapgood that some one will be found who is equal to the task of putting Pushkin's poems into English.

It is curious to think that the greatest poet of Russia should be Alexander Pushkin, a man of African descent; that the greatest romancer of France should be Alexandre Dumas, a man of African descent; and that one of the greatest musicians of England should be Coleridge-Taylor, a man of African descent.

There appears in the October number of Vanity Fair the copy of a portrait of Dumas which, as that publication says, was "the artistic sensation of the summer in Paris." The portrait was painted by Daunier, and shows the great writer's African blood in an unmistakable way.

The question may naturally arise: if from the man who was at the time, probably, the only Negro in Russia, there sprang that country's national poet; if out of a handful of colored people in France and England there came an Alexandre Dumas and an S. Coleridge-Taylor, why have not the millions of Negroes in the United States, with all of their emotional and artistic endowment produced one or more men of the same calibre?

The answer to this question requires an article in itself; I shall try to give it in some future issue.

SONGS OF MINE OWN PEOPLE

By Fenton Johnson

The Street Preacher

AN old man, whose skin is like the parched corn and whose eyes are like flaming coals, stands haranguing in front of a saloon at Thirty-fifth and State Streets.

He holds in his withered hand a Bible, but I know well he cannot read a line in the Holy Testament. His book is the faith that was born within him.

The jesters and mockers crowd around and listen, and many tap their foreheads, muttering, "A crazy son of a crazy mother."

"I know that I am in rags and tatters," the old man says, "I know my beard is unkempt and my hair as crisp as it was in the days of slavery.

"But I am washed of my sins. My robe is ready; I have a mansion in the skies.

"Little children, heed me to-night! I have come to warn you of the wrath that is at hand.

"Turn from the ways of the wine-bibber and the harlot. Walk in the footsteps of your fathers."

Many centuries ago in the wilderness of Judea an unwashed man of Galilee walked up and down the land crying, "Repent, for the day is at hand."

Is it that in these latter days a prophet has come to State Street?

257

WHAT IS "JASS?"

Sophie Tucker Enlightens the Wondering Public.

What is "Jass?"

Within the last twelve months this word has become familiar to all English-speaking America, and Sophie Tucker, who will top the forthcoming programme at the New Brighton Theatre with her "Five Kings of Syncopation," is frequently asked the question. Miss Tucker's band plays "jass" music. She has done as much as anybody to popularize "jass," and she ought to know whereof she speaks.

"To those who come in contact with the back stage of vaudeville theatres," she explains, "the word has a familiar sound, for it has been used there for several years as the slang of vaudeville artists. 'Jass her up,' said sotto voice on the stage, has been the cue for a company to act with more vim and speed; and while it was mostly used by song and dance performers, it was not peculiar to them.

"Just how the expression got to the stage I do not pretend to know, but like ragtime, it originated with the negroes on the levee, who, in turn, brought it from Africa. In reality, it is the natural music of the untutored savage who found it a means correctly to convey his idea of music combined with dancing.

"'Jass' is a mixture of discordant sounds, but collectively they create melody—a teasing, trick, go-as-you-please melody. To the ear untrained to music Wagnerian music seems discordant. So does 'jass' music. Interpretive dancing has taught us that the movement of the feet is unimportant; that we should dance with our entire bodies. So does 'jass' music. I do not mean by this that 'jass' music is highbrow. It is not, but it awakens in most of us a lost art of rhythm which, through centuries of civilization, has been dormant.

"It is not easy to play 'jass' music. In fact, comparatively few musicians succeed in catching the spirit and when the half notes, long notes and blue notes of 'jass' music are not properly played there is nothing worse. But good 'jass' is a treat."

Music, Poetry and Art – 1918

Dr. R. N. Dett, of Hampton Institute, Helping to Lay Foundation for Negro Music of Future

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
JULY 6, 1918

Widely Known Composer and Choral Conductor Discusses the Folk Music of His Race—Pleads for Its Artistic Development by American Composers — Education the Negro's Great Need — Mr. Dett's Career and His Work at Hampton

By MAY STANLEY

HAMPTON, VA., June 12.—If your summer journeyings should this year lead you to Hampton—and many are the roads which lead to Hampton these days and many people travel them—don't leave without a talk with R. Nathaniel Dett.

Mr. Dett has for the last five years been director of vocal music at Hampton Institute, but his name is linked in the minds of music lovers throughout the country with a group of widely known works that have the real American music—the plantation melodies of the South—as their inspiration.

In the last few years Negro music has passed from the stage where it was either regarded lightly or ignored to the second period of transition, where musical opinion is divided as to the best method of treating it. One school holds to the belief that it should be presented in its absolute, primitive simplicity, without attempts at elaboration, and that only in such manner may this beautiful music of bondage be preserved to America. Another group of musicians, of which Mr. Dett is one of the leading exponents, believes that the better way of preservation lies in development of the original themes, development that shall conserve instead of destroy the original characteristics and at the same time make them usable for presentation in concert form.

It was to talk over this viewpoint that I sought an interview recently with Mr. Dett.

The composer of "In the Bottoms" and "Listen to the Lambs" has a delightful setting for his inspirational labors. The broad grounds of Hampton Institute; the shaded walks; the satiny sheen of magnolia trees lifting up great, white blossoms to the June sunshine; the sparkling waters of Hampton Roads, seen at intervals through the trees, make up an ideal surrounding for one who is gathering and interpreting the melodies of the Southland.

"To those of us who believe with Dvorak that 'the future music of this country must be founded on what is called Negro melodies' it is gratifying to see the large number of composers who have recently turned to the use of Indian and Negro folk tunes, if not as actual themes, as the acknowledged source of their musical inspiration," said Mr. Dett. "In this country we are, musically, in much the same position as a man who owns a valuable mine. The fact that there are minerals in the ground, that he has that great supply of wealth stored up, will mean little to the owner unless he utilizes it. We have this wonderful store of folk music—the melodies of an enslaved people, who poured out their longings, their griefs and their aspirations in the one great universal language. But this store will be of no value unless we utilize it, unless we treat it in such manner that it can be presented in choral form, in lyric and operatic works, in concertos and suites and salon music—unless our musical architects take the rough timber of Negro themes and fashion from it music which will prove that we, too, have national feelings and characteristics, as have the European peoples whose forms we have zealously followed for so long.

"The Negro people as a whole cannot be looked to as a very great aid in the work of conserving their folk music," Mr. Dett continued. "At the present time they are inclined to regard it as a vestige of the slavery they are trying to put behind them and to be ashamed of it. Moreover, the prevailing manner of presenting Negro music to the public—the 'coon' song of vaudeville or the minstrel show—has not tended to increase appreciation of it, either among the Negro or white races.

"There is great need of education, continued education, for the Negro, that he may properly appreciate the rare musical legacy bequeathed to him by his ancestors. At the same time there is a still greater need for doing away with the slavish admiration in which the average American musician has held all things European. Surely, when a Dvorak, a Busoni, a Coleridge-Taylor and a Laparra can come over here and in a few months gather themes for some of their greatest works—gathering them from our slighted and ignored native music—it is not too much to hope that an increasing number of our own musicians will come to appreciate fully the great fund of material that lies waiting at their hand. When they do we shall cease to be an 'echo of Europe.'

"The argument is sometimes made that when one takes a Negro theme as the basis for an anthem, a suite or a choral work it robs the music of its original charm—that it is no longer characteristic, that it does not truly represent the old plantation melodies. Yet, no one argues that the music of Tchaikovsky is not typically Russian, and Tchaikovsky's work forms one of the finest examples we have of the use of folk tunes in the more elaborate phases of art-form development."

Something of His Early Years

Mr. Dett's gifts of composition were evidenced at a very early age and were the cause of getting him into trouble at frequent times with his first music teacher.

"I played the piano ever since I can remember," he relates. "No one taught me; I just 'picked it up.' I used to follow my two older brothers to the house of their teacher and sit, an interested spectator, while their lessons were in progress. On the rare occasions when the teacher happened to leave the room to get more music I would slide from my chair, fly to the piano stool, and play until warned by my brothers that 'teacher' was returning. After one such absence she became curious as to who the performer was, saying that the music was 'better playing than my brothers did.' When they told her who it was that had been playing, she asked me to play for her, but I was too shy. Finally, she hid herself one day behind the curtains at the window and my brothers persuaded me to play some of the things I had heard her play. The result was that she offered to give me free lessons.

Youthful Independence

"And that was where some of my troubles began," Mr. Dett laughed, "because I never would play anything as it was written. I was always changing a composition and playing it in a way that I thought 'sounded better.' One day, in despair, my teacher told my mother of the very great dislike I had for following the score.

"'Send him home to me,' said my mother, 'and I'll see that he practises the music as it is written.' And she did—with a big switch, to emphasize my wrong-doing when I would stray to improvisation from the printed page. But it didn't cure me," he added, merrily.

Mr. Dett is Canadian by birth, a native of Niagara, Canada, and several of his better-known compositions are dedicated to leaders of Canadian music, notably the four-part chorus, "Weeping Mary," dedicated to Bruce A. Carey, director of the famous Elgar Choir of Hamilton, Ontario. One of his recent works, "O Holy Lord," an *à cappella* folk song anthem in eight parts, had its first presentation by the Elgar Choir last year, at the Field of Honor memorial service for Canadian soldiers fallen in battle. "I'll Never Turn Back No More," an anthem dedicated to the Hampton Institute Choir and Hampton Choral Union, is an excellent example of the use of the Negro long-meter as the foundation of a serious music composition.

One of Mr. Dett's unusual compositions is "Music in the Mine," in which he has vividly pictured a day in the life of a Negro miner. It is based on traditional Negro airs and is dedicated to Percy Grainger. Another descriptive composition which has found favor with many pianists is the Suite "In the Bottoms." Probably his best-known choral work is "Listen to the Lambs," which has been sung in New York by the choir of the Church of the Ascension, by the Columbus University Chorus and the Music School Settlement Chorus, and in Syracuse by the Syracuse University Chorus.

The Work at Hampton

Mr. Dett graduated from Oberlin Conservatory of Music in 1908 and was the first Negro in America to receive the degree of Bachelor of Music for original composition. His instructors expected that his brilliant pianistic gifts would lead him to the concert stage, but he turned his back on the more alluring prospect to take up teaching among his people in the South. He was director of music at Lane College, Jackson, Tenn., for three years, and under his inspirational guidance the Lane College Choral Society became a potent influence in the musical life of that city. From Lane, Mr. Dett went to Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo., as director of music, where his work with the Lincoln Institute Orchestra is a widely known chapter of the history of that institution. From Lincoln Mr. Dett accepted the call to the wide field of service which Hampton Institute offers.

Anyone who has attended Sunday morning services at the Institute will recall the wholly delightful experience of listening to Mr. Dett's choir of seventy voices, which does unaccompanied singing for the church services. Some of the finest Russian liturgic choruses are included in its repertory. There is a large day chorus of about 400 voices, which meets for drill, under Mr. Dett's guidance, twice a week, and a chorus of night students, which meets once each week. Among the more ambitious works which have been given at the Institute may be mentioned Cowen's "Rose Maiden," which was sung as the third concert of the May Festival of 1916. During the last year conditions which have arisen from the war have made the holding of a festival series inadvisable, as many of the leading choir members have been called into service. One of the most important of the musical features of the present year was the spring concert given at Cleveland Hall Chapel on May 27, under Mr. Dett's leadership, when excerpts from "Elijah" and "The Rose Maiden" were sung by the chorus, with Bessie L. Drew, Clara D. H. Smith, Geoffrey O'Hara and Dr. J. T. Lattimore as soloists, and Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett as accompanist. Many people who have not been privileged in visiting Hampton have become acquainted with the quality of its musical work through the annual tour of the Hampton Quartet, one of the three best known quartets in America, that has been heard from coast to coast in plantation melodies and the "Spirituals" of the South.

Where School and Community Meet

One of the admirable examples of the community spirit in music is exemplified in the Hampton Choral Union that is made up of colored singers, members of the different church choirs and music

clubs of Hampton and the surrounding country, who gather at the Institute once a week for rehearsal. Under its auspices are given the artists' recitals, which are a feature of the school year at Hampton, and which have presented such well-known artists as Myrtle Moses of the Chicago Opera Association, Harry Burleigh, Roland Hayes and Clarence Cameron White.

Mr. Dett is fortunate in having a companion-worker in music in his wife, Helen Elise Smith, a post-graduate of the New York Institute of Musical Art and a pupil of Sigismund Stojowski and Percy Goetschius. Mrs. Dett has appeared in several concerts at the Institute, both as soloist and accompanist.

Writing recently in *The Southern Workman* on "Negro Music of the Present" Mr. Dett said: "A glimpse of the work of Negro musicians of the present day in handling their own folk tunes shows that they are at last awakening to the fact that there is a great truth in the words from Holy Writ, 'The kingdom of heaven lies within.'"

He was too modest to add a fact that is well known to those who have followed his work—that one of the main instruments in this awakening has been the young composer who turned his back on a more glittering career that he might aid in bringing to the world a greater appreciation of the beauties of Negro music.

AN ART EXHIBITION

The Greene county, Ohio, branch of the N. A. A. C. P. gave a very unique program in the assembly room of Arnett hall at Wilberforce University, toTuesday afternoon, June 30th, from 3 to 8 o'clock. The feature of the occasion was a display of the paintings, drawings and literary productions of Miss Effie Lee, daughter of Bishop B. F. Lee. More than a hundred pictures besides a varied collection of book covers, hand decorated and illuminated booklets of poems and prose selections of Miss Lee were shown. The exhibition was the result of the interest and activity of Colonel Young who arranged a short literary and musical program delightfully suitable to the art and personality of Miss Lee.

Prof. W. A. Joiner, vice president of the local branch, presided in the absence of the president. Short addresses were made by Col. Young, Mr. W. A. Joiner, Mr. C. H. Johnson, artacher; Mr. T. Bolden Steward of Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. W. B. Bush of Cincinnati, Miss L. Pearl Mitchell and Mrs. Winona Steward of Wilberforce sang from Harry Burleigh's collection.

The local branch will hold each month not less than one meeting in the interest of education.

Audience of 5,000 Charmed By Old-Time Negro Melodies; $9,000 Raised for Y.M.C.A.

5-1-18

The Atlanta Constitution

An audience of over five thousand people last night heard a selected chorus of negro voices render their ever popular old time melodies in a manner which has probably never been equaled before in any city. Incidentally the audience contributed about $9,000 towards the Colored Y. M. C. A. building fund, for the benefit of which the concert was given.

The haunting minor cadences of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" probably vied for first honors with "Down by the Riverside," but it would be hard to select the most popular number from a program which contained so many splendidly pleasing items.

Towards the end, when the entire chorus sang Haydn's immortal, "The Heavens are Telling," from "Creation," to many it was a revelation of the power which lies in trained negro voices singing in mass. As the listener caught the full-throated minors and the swelling tones, visions of an army of dusky warriors of the days of Hannibal and the Carthaginians lifting up their voices in a paean of triumphant song with rows of slender, glistening trumpets quivering in the sun as they screamed their praises to the skies arose before the mind. It was a superb outpouring of vocal victory.

"Li'l Gal" Pleases.

One of the prettiest compositions heard here in a long time is "Li'l Gal," which was sung by the Colored Y. M. C. A. quartet. The girls from Spelman seminary was encored for their "De Coppah Moon" and W. J. Trent was also compelled to repeat his "Ante-Bellum Negro Sermon."

D. L. Haynes, bass, sang "A Coon Song." He has a splendid natural bass voice.

But it is probable that the old negro folk-songs won first place in the admiration of the audience and it is certain that these famous old "croon songs" will go down in history as a remarkable example of true folk-song, possibly the only real folk-songs to be found on the American continent.

An item on the program which was not announced, but which nevertheless proved of unusual interest, was a speech by Rev. Peter James Bryant, pastor of the Wheat Street Baptist church.

The concert had been arranged as a benefit for the colored Y. M. C. A. building, and J. K. Orr had just announced that there was a deficiency in the fund of $30,000, $10,000 of which the negroes had agreed to raise, but the balance was asked of the white citizens. He then called on Dr. Bryant to explain the need for this Y. M. C. A. building and the colored orator held the audience spellbound as he delivered an address on the relation of the colored people to their white neighbors and the part that the colored man had played in the upbuilding of the south.

Negroes' Part in History.

He referred to the fact that the first blood split in the revolutionary war was that of a negro and declared that his race stood ready to give its last blood on the battlefields of Europe in the fight to make democracy safe the world over.

He stated that, as the white race had given the colored race Christian civilization, so had the colored race given the white orthodox religion, saying that the south was the one part of the country where the true old religions held fullest sway and that this was because southern children had been taught their beliefs at the knees of the old, black mammies.

After he had concluded his splendid exhortation, J. K. Orr conducted a quick-fire subscription which brought a total of about $9,000 towards the required fund. The exact total was not added last night. Among those who subscribed in larger amounts, some of the names announced were as follows:

David T. Howard (c), $1,000; R. J. Lowry and James L. English, $1,000 A friend, $1,000; E. P. McBurney, $500 J. F. Brown, $500; David Woodward $500; J. K. Orr, $500; Atlanta Paper company, $100; F. S. Dean, $100; E. C. Peters, $100; W. S. Witham, $100; McClure company, $100; Mrs. W. S. Witham, $100; A friend, $100; C. F. Mathews, $100; H. G. Hastings, $200; Y. R. Davis, $100; F. A. Kennedy, of Windsor, Vt., $100; unknown, $100; Mrs. Smith Pickett, $100; Mell R. Wilkinson, $250 Norris, Inc., $50; J. D. Hickey, $100; R. L. Foreman, $50; E. R. Craighead, $25 Meadowbrook Land company, $25; Milton Dargan, $50; E. R. DuBose, $50 Thomas K. Glenn, $100; Carter Electric Co., $25; W. D. Meador, $50; Rutherford Lipscomb, $50; J. M. Gillespie, $25; H. M. Atkinson, $100; I. M. Sheffield, $50 J. H. Ewing, $50; Harry Silverman, $25 Mrs. Harry Hermance, $200; George Estes, $50; R. C. Dearman, $100.

BIG AUDIENCE THRILLED BY NEGRO FOLK SONGS

Constitution

5-2-18

Another Splendid Program Will Be Offered at the Auditorium Tonight.

Not since the days when Billy Sunday was honored with a big concert by the Atlanta negro community has an audience fallen so completely under the spell of weirdly minor strains of the folk songs of the negro race as did the one that gathered at the Auditorium-Armory last night to hear the Folk Song Festival carried out under the auspices of the Georgia Music Festival association.

The big chorus on the stage of the Auditorium contained the picked negro

that was carried out was one of the best arranged to which an Atlanta audience has ever been treated, and the performers' work throughout the concert showed that their training had been careful and masterly.

Altogether, the large audience of whites and colored people enjoyed themselves every minute of the program, the audience remaining silent as the big dusky chorus switched without breaking the rhythm of its words and music from the strains of "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler" to the well-known croon of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or from the snappy tones of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," to the cresendo notes of "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray."

The program lasted one and a half hours and ended in a burst of patriotic numbers in which the negro's anthem was represented by "Suwannee River," and it was a well-pleased audience that left the Auditorium with the tunes original with the negro still running through their minds.

The United States government has detailed 100 colored soldiers from Camp Gordon to lead the patriotic parade tonight. They will be cordially welcomed to the city by leading colored men and women. They will be met at Peachtree street and the Prado and escorted to the First Congregational church, where they will be welcomed by 100 leading colored men, after which they will be served refreshments by a committee of colored women.

At 8 o'clock they will march with red fire to the Auditorium-Armory to take part in the pageant.

A portion of the proceeds will go toward a benefit fund for Camp Gordon colored soldiers to purchase musical instruments and flags.

LOYD A. WILHOIT.

GREAT SINGER COMING

The Bee

May 18, 1918.

What is destined to be the greatest musical and society event of the year in Washington will be the initial appearance of two of the greatest vocalists of the colored race at Howard Theater, Tuesday matinee, May 28th, 1918, when Senor Jean Loncke, grand opera tenor of Mexico City, and Mme. Hurd Fairfax of New York city, make their appearance here. Senor Loncke sings in five languages, and is heralded as the "Black Caruso," having graduated in a Spanish conservatory of music and studied under one of the music masters in Naples, Italy. Madam Fairfax is known as perhaps the greatest vocalist now appearing in New York city, her home, and is known as the only quintette-voiced singer of her race, and is a pianist of the first water.

If you fail to hear these brilliant artists of the race you'll miss the treat of your life, as they have never been heard in this city heretofore. A crowded house is expected to greet them as they well deserve to receive. Let Washington show her colors on that day and give them one of the greatest receptions ever given artists of the race before. Mrs. Gregoria Fraser-Goins, one of the most brilliant pianist accompanists in the country, will accompany these artists, and Wellington A. Adams, their manager, will have charge of the event. The public knows that Prof. Adams is a wonderful man, and well may expect an elaborate program.

* * *

Don't miss the Columbia Conservatory of Music graduate recital at Shiloh Baptist Church, 11th and V streets N. W., Friday evening, June 14th.

COL. BAND STIRS FIGHTERS ABROAD

The Amsterdam News 5/29/18

Musicians, Sent With 15th at Reid's Expense, Make War Life Happier

A coloured band headed by Lieut. Europe, who once led the orchestra on the 44th Street Theatre Roof, is the pride of Col. William Hayward and the 15th New York Regimnet in France. In a letter to City Chamberlain Alfred J. Johnson the former Public Service Commissioner grows enthusiastic over the joy the band is giving the soldiers and the sensation it is proving on foreign soil.

"Our band is the most wonderful thing over there," Col. Hayward wrote. "I don't believe any money ever brought as much pleasure and happiness for human beings as that $10,000 of Daniel G. Reid's has given in the shape of a coloured band."

The band was recruited from musicians in the United States, Cuba and Porto Rico. The first man approached for a contribution was Daniel G. Reid.

"How much will the whole shooting match cost?" he asked.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Shucks!" said Mr. Reid. "Go get your band. I'll pay the check."

When the first contingent of American soldiers on leaving the trenches reached Aix-les-Bains on February 16, Col. Hayward's band met them at the train. The soldiers tumbled out to the music of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" and medleys of coloured and patriotic American airs.

In the commander's letter was inclosed praise of the band by Johnston De Forest, American Red Cross representative at a base hospital.

"I have yet to find a single man who does not seem to have been stimulated in spirit by just hearing those coloured boys of yours play," the Red Cross man wrote. "That they came from the little old U. S. A. was so much to the good. I don't think I am laying it on too thick when I say that every man who heard those boys play is a better soldier and better able to help win the war."

Music, Poetry and Art – 1918

The Emancipation of Negro Music

Colored People of America Contributing Rich Gift of Song to Inspire Men Who Go Forth to the Firing Line—Conserving Negro Folk Music, How It Has Been Accomplished and the Results Achieved

By EMILY HARPER WILLIAMS
Chairman Committee on Music, National Association of Colored Women

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
JANUARY 5, 1918

(The Editor of MUSICAL AMERICA *has pleasure in presenting the following able résumé of the progress of Negro music, taken from an address delivered by Mrs. Williams at the fifth annual meeting of the Negro Organization Society of Virginia, held recently at Hampton Institute.)*

IN every cantonment in this country the soldiers are singing. Overseas they are singing in the trenches. Many of these songs are those given to the world by the Negro race, for America has no real American music save that furnished by Negroes.

Negro music had its beginnings in that rich, dark, mysterious continent of Africa. Two hundred years of slavery in Ameirca refined its barbaric qualities. Through the alchemy of our tears we developed a folk music which is simple, beautiful and strange.

Negro music is simple. Most of its harmonies are based on the three chords of the banjo—the tonic, the dominant, and the subdominant. Our music is unique. We have our own scale, and much of our most wonderful, soul-stirring music is in the minor mode with the flat seventh. Is is that which gives the effect of pathos, gloom and power.

The rhythm of Negro music is peculiarly racial. In the livelier melodies you will find syncopation. Even our religious songs have strongly-marked rhythm, so that one's foot just taps itself. There were songs of joy and songs for work, but the majority of the Negro songs were songs of sorrow, with always a note of faith and hope.

When freedom came to the Negro he resolutely turned his back upon his own traditions. He had been taught by the white man that everything characteristically Negro was inferior. Negro musicians became for the most part mediocre performers and teachers of the white man's art.

In the churches and schools of the colored people the Moody and Sankey hymns were used. Only at revivals and watch-night meetings did the old people dare raise such hymns as "Dis Time Anodder Year I May Be Gone," "In Bright Mansions Above," and "Go, Mary, and Toll De Bell."

We have to thank those true friends of our race who, at Hampton and Fisk, kept alive and dignified the priceless heritage of Negro folk music during those years of readjustment.

Ragtime Craze

Ragtime was heard at the World's Fair held in Chicago. It came straight from the questionable Negro resorts along the Mississippi and triumphantly swept both Americas and then raged through Europe. The sing-song, monotonous, sentimental, popular songs of the day retired before the stirring rhythms, strange melodies, and unusual words of the ragtime music.

A score of Negro musicians, some of whom could not even read, reaped fame and fortune from the sale of their ragtime compositions. Sometimes a white song writer would hear a colored pianist in a dance hall or a saloon play a new "rag" and would then write it as his own, reaping a fortune from its sale. As a race we were indeed in the valley of humiliation.

Then came a wonderful musician of the old world, Antonin Dvorak, to point colored people to the star of hope. Dvorak saw that even though our material had been debased, from Negroes there must come a great school of music.

Dvorak expressed his ideas in his symphony "From the New World." In it the varied character of the Negro music is shown at its best—liveliness in the *Allegro* and *Scherzo*. in the slow movements a most tender and exquisite pathos and in the *Finale* strong minor effects.

The themes are Dvorak's own, but he caught accurately the true spirit of the Negro music. "From the New World" will forever remain a classic exposition of the American Negro folk song.

Our musicians of to-day are writing music that will live because it is founded upon the music of our folks and expresses our joys and sorrows in our own naive and moving fashion.

Will Marion Cook is one of our most prolific writers. He has written songs which are fascinating with their crooning lilt and are always distinguished from other song writings by a rich and mellow harmony quite his own.

Coleridge-Taylor in England showed us to what heights a Negro can attain with training and favorable environment.

Among the younger musicians R. Nathaniel Dett is steadily advancing in his art. His "Listen to the Lambs" has been sung by some of the finest choral societies in this country.

Harry Burleigh's latest piece had won fame in Italy before it was well known in America. It is called "The Young Warrior" and is a soldier's farewell to his mother:

"Mother, shed no mournful tear
But gird me on my sword
And give no utterance to thy fears,
But bless me with thy word.
Now let thine eyes my way pursue
Where ere my footsteps fare
And when they lead beyond thy view
Send after me a prayer."

That song is now the marching song of the Italian army. What a triumph for an American Negro musician to write the marching song for the most musical nation in this war! So, after all, we are doing our bit with our music.

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
NOVEMBER 30, 1918

"OH, PETER, GO RING-A DEM BELLS," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "My Lord, What a Mornin'," "I Stood on de Ribber ob Jerdon." Negro Spirituals Arranged by H. T. Burleigh. "A Rose, a Kiss and You." By Gerald Arthur. (New York: G. Ricordi & Co.)

It is some time since we have had some Negro Spirituals from Mr. Burleigh's authentic pen. Since he began putting forward his inimitable settings of the songs of his race many others have set out on this road and traveled toward the goal of public approval with varying success. Some have even had the temerity to attempt to vie with him on territory that is unquestionably his. What the results have been it is needless to record here.

These four new spirituals are as fine as anything he has done. Every one of them is a melody of distinctive quality and the treatment he has given them is perfect. In "Oh, Peter Go Ring-a Dem Bells," he has planned the piano accompaniment so that the bells ring right through the song, and with deft touches of ragtime syncopation he has made the accompaniment a little masterpiece. The harmonization of "I Stood on de Ribber ob Jerdon" is finely varied. As for Mr. Burleigh's harmonic scheme in "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" we are tempted to say that not until we knew his setting did we realize what a remarkable tune it was. The old-time harmonic dress to this melody has never set off the fullness of its pathos. But as it is here, with the counterpoint that Mr. Burleigh has added, it is an artistic entity that commands immediate attention. It ought to find a place in the répertoire of those of our concert singers who appreciate what H. T. Burleigh is doing for them in preparing these spirituals for concert use.

"My Lord, What a Mornin'" ought to be another "Deep River" in popularity. It is an unforgettable melody and its arrangement here is a profoundly appealing one. The altering of the harmonies the last time the melody is stated on the final pages is splendid and the brief postlude on a pedalpoint F makes us applaud Mr. Burleigh at once. These spirituals are issued in attractive editions, with separate outside covers to preserve them. Inside is printed a brief prose prelude by Mr. Burleigh, in which he states what the Negro Spirituals signify. They are published in high and low keys, barring "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," which is published in three keys, high, medium and low.

A ballad of direct emotional appeal, one that will become very widely known before many moons have passed around, is Mr. Arthur's "A Rose, a Kiss and You," to a text by Harold Robé, author of the text of "Dear Old Pal of Mine." It is a simple melody, very well written, with plenty of vocal opportunity and may best be described by recording the fact that it "sings itself." High and low keys are published.

NEGROES TO PRESENT FOLK-SONG FESTIVAL

Great Chorus of Colored Choristers to Sing at Auditorium On July 1.

Encouraged by their concert successes of this year, the leading colored citizens of Atlanta have organized themselves into the Georgia Musical Festival association. Under that auspices there will be a folk-song festival at the Auditorium July 1 and 2, when the musical program will be under the direction of Mme. Azalea Hackley, who has directed musical festivals at Hampton institute, and who will go to Tuskegee next week to teach folk-music at the summer school there.

This talented colored woman is said to have discovered the magnetic musical note in her people, and her purpose is to sound that note and hold them to the peculiar forms of music to which they are naturally adapted.

The program for the Auditorium concert includes the following folk songs and melodies:

PROGRAM.

Folk Songs:
(a) "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler"—Leader.
(b) "Sinner, You'd Better Pray"—Leader.
(c) "I Know the Lord's Laid His Hand on Me"—Leader.
(d) "Steal Away to Jesus"—Leader.
Women's Chorus:
(a) "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."
(b) "Since You Went Away"—J. R. Johnson. James W. Johnson.
Folk Song, "Little David."
Anthem, "I'll Never Turn Back, No More"—R. N. Dett.
Folk Songs:
(a) "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray"—Leader, Naomi Wright.
(b) "Poor Mourner"—Leader.
(c) "Roll, Jordan, Roll"—Leader.
Folk Games: "Oh, Miss Julia, Run Around; O, Ma Young Lady, I Wouldn't Marry."
Prize Anthem, "Listen to the Lambs"—R. N. Dett.
Song, "The Young Warrior"—J. T. Burleigh, James W. Johnson.
Folk Songs—Boys From Public Schools.
Chorus, "Music in the Mine"—R. N. Dett. Brown (Miner).
Song, "Exhortation"—W. Marion Cook, Alex Rogers.
Anthem, "Weeping Mary"—R. N. Dett. Liberty Baptist Church Choir.
Folk Songs:
(a) "Deep River"—Leader.
(b) "Haying Song."
(c) "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," Leader, C. R. Diton.
(d) "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"—Leader.
Song, "Mammy"—W. Marion Cook, Lester A. Walton.
Folk Songs:
(a) "Walk in Jerusalem"—Leader.
(b) "Antebellum Sermon"—Leader; Goosby.
(c) "There's a Meeting Here Tonight"—Leader.
Everybody Sing:
"Sewanee River."
"We're the Colored Boys of Uncle Sam" Nickerson.
"America."

The entertainment is for the benefit of the Home for Working Girls, and other institutional facilities for colored people.

Colored Orchestra at the Lyceum

PATERSON N J EVE NEWS
MAY 21, 1918

When William Rock and Francis White are seen in this city at the Lyceum theatre tonight, they will bring with them the choice of the musicians of the New York Clef club, a famous colored organization, which includes among its members the cleverest singers, instrumentalists and composers known to the musical world.

The organization was founded by James Reece Europe, now a lieutenant with the Fifteenth Regiment of the Expeditionary Forces now in France, where he has full charge of a colored band of one hundred pieces.

The New York Clef club calls itself a clearing house for artists made in the United States of America, and in its commodious clubhouse are to be found composers who have achieved success, and whose compositions are known and played throughout the world.

William H. Tyers, one of its members, is the composer of the famous "Admiration" waltz, to which dancers have danced, and numerous other syncopated melodies.

Fred M. Byron, another exceptionally clever composer, is also to be found among the members of this most unique institution.

The Clef club's musical specialties are the banjo, bandoline, violin and brasses.

This source of unique entertainmen gave birth to the first Jazz melody ever heard in New York. The success of this new music was instantaneous.

Although the Clef club has over two hundred members on its roster, they were kept busy every evening filling engagements in ultra smart homes, where they have become the favorite means of entertainment. For this music is unexcelled and the manner in which these artists render the songs of the South and negro hymns, is alone a wonderful source of entertainment.

Songs of the Negro Reveal His Spirit

Harry Burleigh Calls Attention to Plantation Melodies—Hopes Much from War for Negro.

By MINNA LEDERMAN.

"AN unhappy people—but a people of great faith." Harry Burleigh, singer and composer, characterizes his race simply yet with that poetic grace which is the negro's gift for expressing himself. "Take all the plantation melodies and I challenge you to find one that suggests retaliation. Vengeance, the mood that creates sharp dissonance in the song of the Indian, is never a motif in the song of the negro. To peace, to truth, to all the cardinal virtues his musical soul was pledged.

"His is a lovely acquiescence. Sometimes I feel it is too complete. Had the negro risen to shake off his chains and strike his blow, he might have suffered less.

"But then, of course, he would have sung less. His religion held him in leash. Singing in reverent community with his fellows, he was purged of all pain. In his faith and his music he was solaced."

No one can speak with greater authority upon the negro spiritual than Harry Burleigh. By his collection and arrangement of this primitive material he has done more than any composer, living or dead, black or white, to focus the serious attention of the public upon it. The very moving melodies, that he or his relatives or friends have heard on the plantations of the South he has furnished with careful yet rich revealing accompaniment. You may have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Burleigh himself sing these spirituals with great fervor. The stirring exhortation "Go down Moses," "Deep River" epic, almost, in its yearning and sadness, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," "You may bury me in the Eas," the plaintive "By an' By," and that beautiful song, "My Lord, what a morning, when de stars begin to fall," which has caused so exquisitely the hush and wonder of dawn—these are but a few of the treasures for which we are indebted to Mr. Burleigh.

WAR WILL HELP NEGRO.

Mr. Burleigh feels that America has been unfair to the negro.

"The public is only just beginning to realize what our musical heritage is. The old minstrels, beginning with Christy's troupe, have done the negro a great deal of harm. They reflected in exaggerated form the grotesque, the startling features of his dance, and America with characteristic superficiality seized on these to exploit and imitate. Our songs, with all their inspiration, their true beauty, were muffled, while the buck and wing and the clog spread wildly through every state in the Union. In the popular mind the negro figures most vividly as a jigging automaton.

"Perhaps we will be more truly felt now. The war will be a great leveler. It will demand sacrifice from us as from the rest of this continent, and I hope it will somewhat approach equality in its rewards. And then, too, the war will strike a blow at the easy frivolity of the American public. Gravity and somber mood will find more relief in our songs of eternal hope, than in our professional cake-walk.

FUTURE OF NEGRO MUSIC.

Mr. Burleigh is a man of considerable musical attainment, not to say erudition. Besides his arrangements of the spirituals, he has composed over 100 original songs. They cover a wide range of subjects, and only a few are negro in their musical content. He has set Walt Whitman's "Ethiopa Saluting the Colors" to a very dramatic accompaniment. A recent work is "The Young Warrior," which has been translated and adopted by Italy as a war song, and has been orchestrated by no less a person than Zandonai, the composer of "Francesca da Rimini."

He has a son of eighteen, in whose promise as a musician and poet he takes great pride. The boy is already his father's collaborator. One Sunday, in an old church of Virginia, he heard for the first time the melody and words of "I stood on de ribber of Jerdon." Recording them both, he sent them on to Burleigh, who gave it its present popular arrangement. He has also written a great deal of verse, which his father assures me is some of it, quite extraordinary.

"The future of negro music? It will depend, of course, on some negro. Not me, but my son perhaps, or his son. The progress of art is slow, and extends over many generations. Meanwhile we will go forward developing our old chants.

"Some day, I feel, we may achieve in music a great dramatic form, some new operatic expression. A tremendous merging of dance and verse and song will be our gift to the new world."

...in his "New World" symphony, but it is a bohemian view of America, and therefore not American music. Our popular music has been strongly influenced by Irish music. Their jigs and reels have had as real an effect upon our people as have the deeper German harmonies and more poetic melodies. The music of many other nations has exerted similar influences on us, and we have gained by them, but we have not fashioned out of all of them, as yet, a music which can properly be called American.

"The Indian does not represent us, the negro does not represent us, and the early European settlers here had no music—they suppressed all music. The real American music, when it comes—and probably it is building now—may be a composite of many national musical expressions, but it must represent an American philosophy of life, and that can only be crystallized in time."

HARRY BURLEIGH.

WORCESTER MASS TELEGRAM
MARCH 25, 1918

TELLS OF ORIGIN AND POWER OF THE NEGRO FOLK SONGS

The origin and the power of the negro folk song illustrated with Frank Gaston Hill as the lecturer was the feature attraction at the sacred musical lecture given in the John-street Baptist church. The speaker told how the folk songs originated and what brought forward the plantation melodies.

He told how "The star-spangled banner," the national anthem, was originated and how Francis Scott Key, the author, came to wrte it. He also explained how several of the other countries anthems were originated. The church choir with Miss Grace M. Johnson, leader, gave several solos. The church was filled to its capacity.

Five Thousand Enjoy Songs Of Colored Chorus and Give $9,000 to Negro Y. M. C. A.

ATLANTA GA
MAY 1 1918

Old Folk Songs by Two Hundred Trained Voices Captivate Large Audience at Auditorium Tuesday Night

That Atlantians appreciate the charm of the old negro folk songs was never more thoroughly demonstrated than at the auditorium Tuesday night, when an audience of 5,000 people gave vociferous approval of the program rendered by a chorus of more than 200 colored singers. The concert, which may be considered one of the most unique musical events ever staged in Atlanta, was a tremendous success, financially and artistically, for upward of $9,000 was secured from the door receipts and private subscriptions for the colored Y. M. C. A.

As the full-throated tones of the old-time negro spirituals and chants rolled across the huge auditorium, the audience, with but slight stretch of imagination, might well have thought itself back in the ante-bellum days. The old folk songs that are distinctive of the black race and which are only fully appreciated when sung by negroes fired with the passion for vocal expression, constituted the feature numbers of the program. Under the direction of Kemper Harrold, one of the best colored conductors in the south, the great chorus showed the effects of careful training, the weird, haunting melodies ebbing and flowing like the tides on the seashore.

After every selection came roars of applause, and several encores were rendered to appease the audience, which would not be satisfied. "My Lord, What a Mourning" and "Great Day, the Righteous Marching" started off a program that came up to all expectations, and thousands of Atlantians who first heard the colored singers at the Billy Sunday tabernacle last fall were delighted by the repetition of many old, familiar songs of the camp-meeting days.

Then they sang "Down by the River side," and the audience fairly raised the roof; "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Deep River" were favorites that drew bursts of applause.

"I Want to Be a Christian" brought back recollections of the negro chorus at the Billy Sunday meetings, and a dozen other ante-bellum melodies were rendered in a manner that would be impossible for any but colored singers.

The ability of the chorus to successfully manage more pretentious compositions was demonstrated in the rendition of Haydn's mighty paean, "The Heavens Are Telling," from the "Creation." A male quartet and a female chorus by the girls of Spelman university furnished delightful features of the program.

Appeal for Y. M. C. A.

Midway in the concert J. K. Orr, one of the sponsors for the colored singers, and who has had a prominent part in arranging the finances of the negro Y. M. C. A. in Atlanta, appeared on the stage to introduce Rev. Peter James Bryant, pastor of the Wheat Street Baptist church. Voicing an eloquent appeal for his people and for the hearty co-operation of the white citizens of Atlanta in the effort to uplift the colored population of the city, Rev. Bryant proved himself an orator possessed of all the fire and imagination of his race. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Orr again took the floor and called for individual subscriptions to wipe out the $20,000 indebtedness now hanging over the uncompleted negro Y. M. C. A. building. The response was spontaneous, donations piling in from white and colored citizens alike.

When he had concluded his rapid-fire campaign, it was found that about $9,000 had been pledged, several large subscriptions being announced.

INDIAN NEGRO MUSIC

CLEVELAND O NEWS
JANUARY 19 1918

NOT OURS—DAMROSCH

In connection with Walter Damrosch's visit Friday night it is interesting to note his reply to an interviewer who not long ago asked him if the future "American" music would stem from negro or Indian melodies. He said:

"The negro music isn't ours; it is the negro's. It has become a popular form of musical expression, and is interesting, but it is not ours. Nothing more characteristic of a race exists, but it is characteristic of the negro, not the American, race. Through it a primitive people poured out its emotions with wonderful expressiveness. It no more expresses our emotions, though, than the Indian music does. Dvorak has done wonderfully well with

---

MOODS OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS

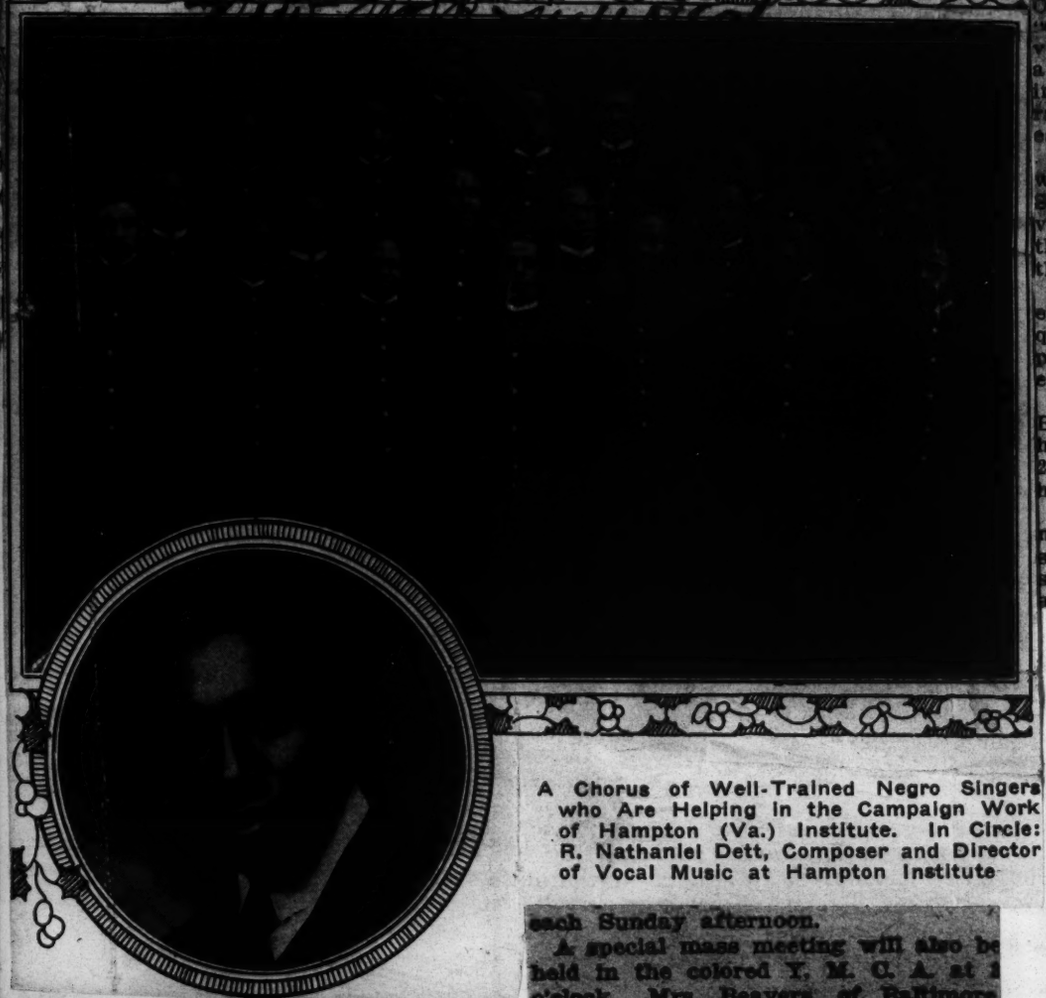
Gayest to Most Profoundly Tragic Disposition Is to Be Found Under the Religious Veil.

NEW YORK TIMES
FEBRUARY 7 1918

The negro sought a channel for artistic solace, into which he could throw the symbolism of his racial longing. He found it, notes a writer in the New Republic, in the religion brought to him by Protestant missionaries or taught him by his masters. Here he was free to dream his dreams and create his visions of future happiness, for no master could punish him for praising God. Thus he "found religion," and in religion he found no mood of his simple soul unnourished.

It is, then, not so hard to understand why the negro's folk-song is, in its superficial form, so predominantly religious. The "spirituals" of the camp meeting show a quite mediæval variety of style and mood, a variety, in fact, coextensive with the emotional range of simple peasant life. These include lively dances, litanies, [illegible] paeans of joy and majestic organlike anthems. In the Bible stories which are retold in ballad form in some of the spirituals the negro found expression for his buoyant, genial humor. Nearly all the familiar moods of folk-song, from the gayest to the most profoundly tragic are to be found under the religious veil which permitted the slave to live his own varied emotional life without interference from his master.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1918



A Chorus of Well-Trained Negro Singers who Are Helping in the Campaign Work of Hampton (Va.) Institute. In Circle: R. Nathaniel Dett, Composer and Director of Vocal Music at Hampton Institute

NEGROES TO HAVE COMMUNITY SING

NEWPORT NEWS, VA PRESS
APRIL 20, 1918

Will Be Held at the First Baptist Church at 2:30 O'clock

So successful have been the community sings for white people here that a colored community sing will be inaugurated this afternoon. The sing will be held in the First Baptist church (colored), and will begin at 2:30 o'clock. The sing will be under the auspices of the war camp community service.

The sing will open with a concert by the Hampton Institute band. Geoffrey O'Hara, army song leader, will have one hundred men from the stevedore and labor regiments at Camp Hill and will give those present an idea of what is being done for the members of their race stationed here. He will also lead several numbers for the gathering. Colored folk songs will compose the third and last part of the program. J. L. Einstein will preside at the sing.

It is the plan of Mr. Einstein, who is supervising the sing, to hold one each Sunday afternoon.

A special mass meeting will also be held in the colored Y. M. C. A. at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Beavers, of Baltimore, will lead the musical program. P. B. Whittington and J. H. Tallferro will conduct the meeting. A discussion of the top, "A Personal Convoy for Every Boy," will be included in.

NEGRO SONG FEST BETTER THAN LAST

[illegible] TEX RECORD
[illegible] 1918

Songs that echoed over the cotton fields during the days before the civil war and resounded throughout the quarters on jubilee occasions were sung with that abandonment which is characteristic at the second negro song festival given at the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday night before a capacity house.

The music of the colored race has but recently begun to receive the study and appreciation which is its due. The harmonies are throbbing, yet theirs is a whimsical humor which is contrasted by the weird moaning cadences.

The chorus of 200 voices was well balanced. Its members followed the leadership of their conductor unerringly. Withal, there was a lilt which told that the singers were singing from a love of song, deep, true and sincere. Though the words are repeated, the singing was done so artistically that the repetition did not become tiresome, but remained interesting until the final note.

"There's a Meeting Here Tonight," was the appropriate beginning. The leader in this number was Kathlyn Oliver. She also sang the solos in "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray." Her voice is clear and flutelike. The tones are well produced and are imbued with intense feeling. Her voice is broad in range and there was never the slightest sign of effort.

"Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?" was reminiscent of plantation days. Sallie sang it with all the religious fervor and abandon which is a feature of the song. The singing of the chorus in this number was especially good.

Baritone solos by Prof. Bledsoe were enjoyed, for his voice is of pleasing quality. In fact, every number of the program was interesting and the entire evening's performance passed quickly.

Announcement was made by Prof. Bundy of an oratorical contest to be held at the Chamber of Commerce May 21, in which pupils of the two negro high schools will compete.

Singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" completed the program. It was sung with ardor and enthusiasm that sent a thrill through the hearts of the audience, who joined in the singing.

N Y C POST
NOVEMBER 14, 1918

America's Foremost Pianist.

Having fully recovered from a severe attack of Spanish influenza, John Powell, the popular Virginia pianist, is now ready for a long and strenuous season. His first New York recital takes place in Carnegie Hall next Friday evening. On that occasion Mr. Powell will play a programme made up of all dance numbers. His first group will consist of the English Suite No. 2, by Bach, and the Busoni arrangement of the Bach Chaconne. This will be followed by three waltzes by Beethoven. His third group will consist of a bolero, three mazurkas, a waltz, and the Polonaise in F sharp minor. He finishes his programme with the Dance of the Gnomes and a Tarantella, by Liszt.

Later in the season Mr. Powell will play one of his own compositions with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He is devoting much of his time to orchestral composition to which he thinks Americans have given too little attention. Coming from the South, where he has had every opportunity to study the characteristic music of the negro, and also the rural classes—such as the mountaineers—he has found keen delight in setting their songs and dances to both orchestral and piano scores. A man of keen intellect, and one who has lived much abroad, Mr. Powell is fully equipped to become one of America's leading composers, as well as her first pianist.

Handy's Band, Colored Wizards Of "Jazz," Enthralls Big Audience

The Atlanta Co[illegible]
Dec 2 1918

Thousands of Atlantans sat spellbound Tuesday night at the Auditorium under the melody of 500 negro voices in a revelation of vocal possibilities, and these same thousands and more returned Wednesday night to hear the instrumental accomplishment of the negro when Handy's band, the most famous organization of colored musicians in the country, appeared in concert.

Although his organization is depleted by the loss of six members to the army, what they could have added to the concert last night wasn't missed by the audience. Led by Handy, the band, which is properly speaking, not a band, but an orchestra, jazzed the "Memphis Blues," and various other "blues" to the screaming delight of the audience. Each member is such a finished jazz artist that a person occasionally found himself concentrating his attendion on one performer oblivious of the other players.

Handy introduced the "Livery Stable Blues," which features a xylophone solo, to the audience last night. This was one of the first numbers and was almost as well taken as the "Memphis Blues," which followed. "Echoes of a Prayer From a Georgia Camp Meeting," an imitation of a negro parson pouring out his soul, played on the violin by Joe Douglass, drew vociferous applause and more than one encore.

Two new compositions, which Hendy said were sung before the public for the first time Wednesday night, were tuneful songs. They were "O Death Where Is Thy Sting?" and "Keep the Love Ties Binding." They were sung by D. L. Haynes, who has a splendid natural bass voice. The Jones family, two girls and little "Bill" Jones, apparently not more than 4 years old, got a big hand from the house with their eccentric dancing. Little "Bill" perhaps proved the feature of the program with a drum solo, which would have been remarkable for a grown-up.

The concert was given for the benefit of the fund to build a "rest house" for the colored soldiers at Camp Gordon.

Tonight the band will play at the opening of the Capital City club roof garden. Saturday night they play at the Capital City Country club at Brookhaven, and Sunday they will play at the federal prison.

HENSON TATUM.

VAL TRAINOR'S SONG, "HE DRAWS NO COLOR LINE" OFF THE PRESS

Witmarks Quickly Purchase This New Patriotic Ballad.

N Y C REVIEW
APRIL 6, 1918

Following the military parade of the 163d Regiment of Colored Infantry and the monster benefit entertainment given by them at the Manhattan Opera House, last Sunday, and realizing that very little has been said about the patriotism and fighting qualities of the Negro, although he has always "done his bit" at crucial times in history, also that the Negro in his loyalty is 100 per cent American, Val Trainor wrote a poem entitled, "He Draws No Color Line," to which Harry De Costa set the music. Julius Witmark executive head of Witmark & Sons, than whom there is no better judge of the value of a song, immediately bought the publishing rights and it will be ready for issue as soon as the printers can get it out.

Deacon Johnson, president of the "Clef Club," the popular musical society and Ed Bryant, musical director of the same club, have decided to place the song in the repertoire and use it, on their tour in the larger cities on account of the sentiment contained in the poem. The chorus follows:

Your gran'dad did his duty in the civil war.
He fell by his master's side.
Your daddy bravely did his bit at San Juan Hill,
You know that's where he died.
So I know that you will do your duty too,
And remember, son of mine,
When the good Lord makes a record of a hero's deed,
He draws no color line.

The song is a mammy song, on the order of "Stay in Your Own Back Yard," and will undoubtedly become just as popular; anyway it is a tribute the colored soldier deserves.

Handy's "Blue" Songs Stir Great Audience Of Atlanta Negroes

If ever America ranks with other nations as a home for some particular brand of "folk song," the city of Memphis, Tenn., will probably win fame as the birthplace of one Handy, who is a composer and publisher of music which he introduces to the public through the medium of his famous orchestra, composed of negroes.

Handy is the composer of many "blue" compositions, best known of which is probably "The Memphis Blues." Last night, at the roof garden of the negro Odd Fellows' hall on Auburn avenue, he demonstrated that he has lost none of his art.

When the Handy orchestra swung into "Preparedness Blues" last night every dancer on the floor, ranging from coal black to the highest "high yaller," let loose a wicked foot and syncopated to a tune that belongs to the realms of musical art.

Then Handy, by request, gave his latest, "The Beale Street Blues." In explanation, he stated that Beale street was to Memphis what Decatur street and Auburn avenue are to Atlanta. While the orchestra played Handy sang the first verse and chorus of "The Beale Street Blues," and the words are a scream.

Handy was passing through the city last night on his way to North Carolina to fill an engagement at the University of North Carolina. He is coming back to give a concert here in about three weeks.

MUSIC DOMINANT FEATURE OF FIRST WAR CHRISTMAS

Celebration Centers About Men in Service—Colored Troops from Camp Upton Take Part in Program About Tree of Light—Choir Singers Visit Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs—Community Chorus Adds Evening of Carol Singing to Musical Observation of Yuletide

[illegible] MUSICAL AMERICA
JANUARY 5, 1918

THE spirit of America's first war Christmas was reflected last week in the churches, where patriotic songs mingled with the Christmas carols and stately oratorio, and in the chorus singing about the "Tree of Light," where the men in khaki were almost as much in evidence as those in civilian garb. In music as in every other feature of the Yuletide celebration this year, it was a "soldiers' and sailors' Christmas."

New York's celebration took many forms, chief among which was, as in former years, the carol singing about the "Tree of Light," a three days' musical program being given about the great tree set up in Madison Square.

Promptly at five o'clock on Christmas Eve a bugle call rang across the square and the tall fir tree in the center of the square burst into a dazzling bloom of light in response to the touch of a button somewhere behind the tree. This year it was a sailor who had the honor of lighting up the annual Christmas gift to Father Knickerbocker and his family. *Oskenonton*, the Mohawk Indian, who has for the past three years performed the ceremony of opening the Christmas program around the "Tree of Light," chanted his tribal "Call to Conference" and then the waiting crowd shifted their bundles and started to sing the "Adeste Fidelis" with the New York Oratorio Society, that led for an hour the singing of Christmas carols. "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "Holy Night" and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" were followed by the "Star-Spangled Banner," sung in a way that made one realize how close to the hearts of its people the starry flag has come since it has taken its rightful place in the fight for liberty.

In the evening a huge crowd gathered again about the tree, where, led by Gustave d'Aquin's band, instead of the four buglers, they sang carols, hymns and patriotic songs.

Program by Colored People

On Christmas Day, when the tree again burst into bloom at five o'clock, Madison Square echoed to the strains of negro melody. For the first time in New York the colored people of the city took charge of a musical program about the tree. A detachment of colored troops from Camp Upton, under the command of Colonel Frederick Moss, furnished the military note. The colored troops, under the leadership of Harry Barnhart, song leader of the New York Community Chorus and of the Camp Upton forces, sang their own regimental song, "See It Through," "Over There" and a number of other songs of the camp. Three hundred children came from Lincoln House Settlement and their shrill treble was raised in the "Star-Spangled Ban-" followed by "I Couldn't Hear No-y Prayin'" and "Let Us Cheer the Weary Travelers." Mme. Hackney conducted the Harlem Chorus, which sang with the children.

As a tribute to the late Dr. H. B. Frissell, principal of Hampton Institute, a group of students came on from the Virginia school to sing some of Dr. Frissell's favorite songs. "My Lord, What a Morning" and "Four and Twenty Elders" were the numbers chosen and which the gathering listened to with interest. The choral numbers, in which everyone joined, were conducted by Harry Barnhart, assisted by St. Cyprian's Choir, Mrs. Elizabeth Lognan, director. Harry Burleigh was represented on the program by a group of his Negro Spirituals. The singing of "Old Kentucky Home" and other songs of the South made the big crowd kin in the joy of community singing.

On Wednesday evening the New York Community Chorus took charge of the program, and for two hours, under the leadership of Harry Barnhart, they sang patriotic songs, carols and songs of the army camps. A big crowd gathered, in spite of the fact that the frosty air made an outdoor concert rather an achievement, and joined heartily in the singing. Fred Watson, accompanist of the chorus, used one of the "tabloid" organs which songs leaders in the army and navy camps have utilized as a substitute for other musical instruments, and to its music and under Mr. Barnhart's bâton chorus and crowd joined in the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Black Joe," "March, March," "There's a Long, Long Trail" and Christmas carols.

Music for Children's Carnival

Almost as picturesque as the scenes about the "Tree of Light" was the setting which the big Christmas carnival at the Grand Central Palace gave the musicians who took part in that bit of Christmas cheer. A full week's carnival was held, with Christmas gifts for every boy and girl whose daddy is serving with the colors. The musical programs were given each evening and included the singing of Christmas carols by the choirs of Old Trinity, Grace Church, St. Patrick's, the Paulist Fathers, St. James', St. Thomas', a community chorus from St. George's, and 200 singers from the Music Settlement for Colored People.

The Music School Settlement, 55 East Third Street, held a two-days' Christmas celebration, beginning on Friday evening, Dec. 21, with a program by the Senior Orchestra, under the leadership of Arthur Farwell. The orchestra gave the Corelli Praeludium and Gavotte, the Tschaikowsky *Andante Cantabile* from String Quartet and the Gluck Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis." Dora Gibson, the English soprano, contributed a delightful group of songs, including Russian folk-songs arranged by Kurt Schindler, and the "O mer ouvre toi," Delibes. Incidentally, Miss Gibson expressed her admiration and delight in the fine work which is being accomplished at the Music School Settlement. The closing number of the program was a pantomime portrayal of the Oscar Wilde poem, "The Selfish Giant," with incidental music by Liza Lehmann. Alfred E. Henderson read the poem, and the music was played by Louise Ehrenberg, with Agda Granberg as pantomimist. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22, the children of the Music School Settlement had a program of chorus singing and folk-songs, and on Saturday evening the program included the appearance of the Junior Orchestra, that played the first movement of Haydn's Second Symphony and a dancing pageant, "The Spirit of Christmas," in which fifteen children of the school took part.

Chorus of 450 Negro Voices in Concert at Auditorium March 22

ATLANTA GA JOURNAL
MARCH 17, 1918

All Atlantians who heard the wonderful singing of the negroes at the Billy Sunday revival will be interested in the announcement that the combined choral and orchestral forces of the six negro institutions of higher learning in Atlanta will give an interesting benefit concert at the auditorium-armory at 8 o'clock Friday evening, March 22.

The concert will be given for the benefit of the Carrie Steele Orphans' home, the Leonard Street Orphans' home and the Gate City Free Kindergarten.

On the program to be rendered by the chorus of 450 voices, directed by Kemper Harreld, who directed the chorus at the Billy Sunday meetings, are such old plantation songs as "Deep River," "Hear Dem Bells" and "Down by the Riverside." Other selections will be classical and patriotic. There will be singing by soloists, a male quartet, girls' chorus, a college glee club and the combined chorus. Request numbers will also be sung.

Participating in the concerts will be singers from Atlanta university, Spelman seminary, Gammon Theological seminary, Morehouse college, Morris Brown university and Clark university.

NEGRO FOLK SONGS ACCLAIMED AS AMERICA'S MUSICAL TREASURE

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
AUGUST 3, 1918

FROM the log cabin to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is a big step, but negro music has taken it during the past winter. That form of melody with which the negro musician is born has been limited for a long time to the camp-meeting and the vaudeville stage, but now, as an editorial writer remarks in the *Southern Workman*, "it is coming into its own." The white man is learning to sing the black man's melodies. In discussing a concert in New York, given toward the end of the season, the writer says:

"That Negro folk-song, in its purity and simplicity, unadorned with modern harmonies, has a place peculiarly its own among the true art-products of America, was overwhelmingly proved at a recent concert in New York, when Kurt Schindler, conductor of the Schola Cantorum, placed on his program the old Negro spiritual, 'God's a-Gwine ter Move All de Troubles Away,' which was sung exactly as the untaught Negroes sing it in the South—as nearly as a white chorus, inspired by Harry T. Burleigh, who sang the lead with inimitable spirit, could approximate the irresistible rhythm and emotion of Negro singing."

Natalie Curtis Burlin, whose notation was used at this concert, has made a careful study "not only of the melody and words of the old songs, but the original Negro harmonies and every rhythmic and dynamic *nuance* of Negro part-singing." She states in the preface to her work quoted in the *Workman* that the inspirational part-singing of the colored people in America is "one of the most valuable phenomena in folk-music. There are few races in the world that have the polyphonic gift, most folk-songs being sung in unison."

The realization of the beauty of Negro themes is not confined to colored composers, like Harry T. Burleigh and like R. Nathaniel Dett of Hampton. Dvorak's famous "New World" Symphony holds many such.

Percy Grainger has gone on record as an admirer of its beauty. "Of all the various kinds of beautiful and thrilling music, classical or popular, primitive or cultured that it has been my good fortune to hear in the United States," he remarks in the New York *Times*, "this Negro folk music easily occupies the first place in my mind as regards its sheer acoustical beauty, its emotional depth and by reason of its musico-historical import. This is the most truly vocal of music, ideally adapted for singing by choirs and solo organizations. It is the most American music imaginable, breathing the spiritual fervor and abandonment and the fragrance of sentiment so strangely typical of this wondrous, this generous-souled continent; yet worldwide in its applicability."

Music Poetry and Art - 1918.

APRIL 7, 1918

Institution Now Being Supported Wholly by Colored People—Fresh Feeling in American Music

Not many weeks ago the Musical School Settlement for Colored People, the admirable institution at 6 West 131st Street where many colored children are being trained as musicians, was threatened with a catastrophe. It is war time, as the country has learned pretty thoroughly by now, and the guarantors felt that they could no longer undertake to maintain the obligations which had kept the school alive through several difficult years. In this juncture the colored people came forward and agreed to assume the whole financial responsibility. As a result there is great jubilation and not a little well-founded pride.

The school, quite apart from its cultural influence among the colored people, is a most valuable property to New York City. None will deny that whatever other talents the negro may or may not have, he is a born musician. Bringing to America a fresh feeling toward music, and a remarkable creative faculty, he is of the very highest potential value to American art. What can be more reasonable and more promising than to cultivate this feeling and this faculty? Those who know the admirable work of such composers as Will Marion Cooke, H. T. Burleigh and J. Rosamond Johnson, confidently expect still more notable music from them and from those who are to come after them.

The quiet work which has been done for the past five years by Mr. Rosamond Johnson, director of the school, and by those who have supported it will not improbably figure as something of importance in the future history of American music. For musicians confidently look for fine things to come out of 131st Street.

At present the school is in a flourishing condition, as such schools go. It does, indeed, carry a burdensome mortgage of $12,000 on the building which it occupies. But with this paid off it would be self-supporting with the income from its lessons (at a most moderate fee) and from its three annual public concerts. Some hundreds of pupils are studying there each week. In the month from January 15 to February 16, of this year, something more than a thousand individual lessons were given. In the last year there were 6,000 paid lessons given, besides 240 "contract lessons" for which pupils paid in services at the school. Thirty-six scholarships are reserved for the most talented pupils who cannot afford to pay. Twelve teachers give the major part of their time to the institution. Recently a branch has been organized in White Plains, and another in the Columbus Hill district, in both of which places small classes are flourishing.

The support of the school on the new basis is now being organized. To this end a general committee of 200 is being formed, especially among the churches, which are the chief social centres of the colored population. Various small committees are directly concerned with details of maintenance, such as the care of the building. One club of young people has pledged itself to maintain two scholarships from year to year. The three annual concerts also aid in the support. The last of these, for the present season, will take place in Aeolian Hall on May 27th, the pupils of the school supplying the music.

Let the social scientist tell how important such local self-government is for all groups in the community. The musician will rejoice that the rare talent of the colored people in the arts is not being neglected.

COLORED MUSIC UNION

ATLANTIC CITY N J PRESS

There is being formed the Y. M. C. A. People's Choral Union, an organization under the auspices and direction of the Colored Y. M. C. A. of this city, to consist of one thousand voices, whose object and endeavor is the study and public performance of patriotic and classical music. Special attention is to be given the music of S. Coleridge Taylor, William Marion Cook, Harry T. Burleigh, Rosamond Johnson and others among the leading colored composers. It is hoped to make this a great musical treat and with this object in view the Union has procured M. Abullah Guillame, an eminent teacher of singing and a thorough master of his art, with the reputation of being able to cause to sing those who were considered impossible. He will be ably assisted by Mr. Phalon Martin, of New York, also a leading teacher on organ and piano in that city, and Prof. R. A. Walker, as accompanists.

BLIND COLORED BOY MUSICAL PRODIGY ENTERTAINS NEWSIES

TOLEDO OHIO BLADE

FEBRUARY 18, 1918

Arthur Jatum, a colored blind, a member of the department for blind children in the Jefferson school, apparently has the same talent that made "Blind Tom," famous as a piano player years ago.

But Arthur's tiny fingers will not yet span an octave, and in some compositions he strikes the bass keys of the piano with his left elbow. Arthur is colored, and one of seventy blind children in the Jefferson school. Recently he underwent a surgical operation and may regain his sight. When his teacher advised him to take music lessons, he instantly replied:

"What's the use, when I can play by 'air'?"

The duet by this colored boy and Conrad Hoffman, 7, white and also blind, was a great feature of a great entertainment given by the Jefferson school for the newsboys in the Auditorium Sunday afternoon. A difficult composition was played in perfect time.

John W. Fowler made the address, and the general trend of the program was patriotic. There were two playlets dealing with the life of George Washington, and another playlet called Uncle Sam, Little Sam, the Kaiser and Others. The stunt by Some Real Jefferson School Clowns, first and second grade children, was a scream. There were 16 numbers, all good. Every seat in the Auditorium was occupied, and in some instances two small kiddies occupied one chair. "Best show of the season," was a newsy's verdict.

THE NEGRO AND THE WAR

The Negro Star

N.E. PRESS,

215 State St. Pine Bluff, Ark.

12-23-18

Since we're in this awful conflict,
I think its only just and right;
And our boys are in the trenches
I help to fed them while they fight.

I was reared in the Southland,
Learned and raised in Arkan-sas,
So I take my pen to tell you,
About the Negro and the war.

Do your duty for your country,
Makes no difference where you go;
If you can't do in the trenches,
You may do it with the hoe.

Just go on where duty calls you,
Makes no difference what they say;
Be sure that you are doing right,
Then push the tender of your way.

Go on comrade, have no fear,
Where duty calls you, take your stand
Do your duty for your country,
Feel that Bod is in the plan.

All of us can't cross the ocean,
Or take a part in the drill,
But we can fight a mighty battle
If we only have the will.

Maybe you can't cross the ocean,
Maybe you can't buy a bond,
You can conserve the food supply
And that will help the battle on.

Some of us can't go to France,
And there into the trenches go;
But we can fight a mighty battle,
With the shovel and the hoe.

Struggle onward, struggle upward
Do our best with all our might;
Do not leave a stone unturned,
Do all we can to win the fight.

Can we depend upon the Negro?
Is the question you may ask!
The only answer we can give,
Is judge the future by the past.

We have no slackers in our band,
We have no dreaded spies to fear;
When our country calls for us,
We always answer, I am here.

When this country is called to arm
You our record bound to know;
We always rally to the flag,
And we never answer no.

So don't worry Mr. Wilson,
'Bout the Negro and the war;
For we are standing at your back
Down in the state of Arkansas.

We are going across the ocean
There to hold the banner high;
Do our duty, as a race,
Win the battle though we die.

Go where duty bids you go,
Do our bit without a doubt,
Fight the battle to a finish,
Surely God wil help us out.

Meet the conflict as a soldier,
Do your duty day by day;
Trust in God as your refuge,
And strive to walk the narrow way.

When we return from across the ocean
And there have done our humble task
Give us a place in honor's roll
Is all the charges that we ask.

Courage, comrades, do not stumble
Though our path be dark as night;
There's a star that guides the humble
Trust in God and do the right.

Courage, Comrades, have no doubt,
Though the end is out of sight;
God is standng at the helm,
He will guide the ship aright.

BOSTON MASS TRANSCRIPT

DECEMBER 16, 1918

Roland Hayes

Mr. Roland Hayes, the tenor, will renew at a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening the annual proof of the richness of his voice and his skill and fervor in song. Operatic pieces from Ponchielli and Massenet, songs by French and American composers and an interesting set of Mr. Burleigh's "Negro Spirituals" fill his programme. William S. Lawrence, colored pianist, as Mr. Hayes is colored singer, will assist him.

NEGRO ART SHOWN BY LIBRARY BOARD

First Exhibit at Carleton Ave. Branch is Interesting.

BROOKLYN N Y EAGLE

AUGUST 8, 1918

The first annual exhibition of books, manuscripts, paintings, engravings and sculpture by the Negro Library Association took place last night at the Carlton Avenue Branch of the Y. M. C. A. The exhibit is a comprehensive one The paintings include cover designs in oil, an Easter cover, "Lead Kindly Light," and illustrations by W E Burghardt Du Bois., William Edward Scott, R. H. Hampton and Richard Lonsdale Brown, all of whom show originality. The modern Art Gallery of Manhattan loaned masks and statues done by ancient Africans, showing that the Cubists and Futurists got inspiration from these. The oil painting by S. Collins, "Autumn," is full of feeling; "Ancient Memories," also by Mr. Collins, is to be praised. Laura Wheeler shows "Russian Ballet," "In the Luxembourg Gardens" and other art effectively. Robert H. Lewis' "Self Portrait," "Welcome News," portrait of Mrs. Gale and a "Scene in the Park" show excellent technique. Albert Smith's "Music" and his cartoons are effective pieces. Ella Spencer and A. M. Thompson in landscape and marine show good work. Ernest Braxton is shown in two admirable exhibits, a portrait of Poushkin, and "The Good Book," also in pen sketches.

W. O. Thompson shows chalk drawings, a large illustration in allegorical style. There is a collection of books written by negro authors, which is interesting. Some large photographs taken at Tuskagee Institute of "types" there, and of other themes, is well worth examining. The almanacs compiled and printed by Benjamin Banneker, a slave, in 1792, are highly interesting. The poems of Phyllis Wheatley, a well-known negro poet, printed in London in 1773, and for years later, are shown both in manuscripts and print. Alexander Crummell, a minister living in the Nineteenth Century, is represented by his address before Hamilton Lyceum in 1844, and many other articles of literary merit. The engraving of a Catholic Bishop of Ethiopia, Abbas Gregorious, is also shown. commander-in-chief of the Haytian army, General Toussaint, is instanced by famous proclamations. Data on Booker Washington, Frederick Douglass and other famous black men are shown.

Petrova In Tears When Negroes Sing Old-Time Melodies

as She Urges Them to Back, Give to and Sacrifice All That America May Triumph in War.

With tears streaming down her face, Madame Olga Petrova, world famous Polish star of screen, vaudeville and the legitimate, listened intently yesterday at leading negro churches as the great audiences swept away all thoughts of the outside world with the wailing, plaintive melodies of their race, which just a few months ago proved the sensation of the Billy Sunday meetings.

All thoughts of self were forgotten as the little party with the actress came under the spell of the weird harmonies, bringing back tender memories, making dreams of the past live over again, and reminding everyone of the ideals, the hopes, the ambitions of youth.

Wanted to Hear Negroes.

Petrova, born on Russian soil, reared in far away cities of Europe, and now happily married and a resident of America, had never been given the chance to hear the southern darky sing, and when she came to Atlanta and was asked what she would like most of all that this city could give her, answered without hesitation that she wanted to hear the old-time religious hymns, sung by the negro in his own surroundings.

Through the efforts of W. Woods White, Sam C. Dobbs and H. Hermance, arrangements were made for the congregations of the Big Bethel and Wheat street churches to see and hear Madame Petrova and for her in turn to see and most important, to hear them.

As the soloist chanted and the choir and audience carried the refrain of

I'm going to wear a long, white robe
Down by the river side,"

her eyes filled with tears and when the last refrain came and was moaned and crooned they overflowed, and tears rained down the cheeks of the world-famed actress as the low

"Aint goin' to study war no more
When I get down by the river side,"

died away.

Urges Negroes to Aid.

Madame Petrova was never more beautiful than when she stood Sunday morning, her wonderful eyes gleaming with tears, her voice husky with the deepest emotion, and appealed to the negroes, to back, to give to, to sacrifice all for and to realize the need of the country of her adoption. For Madame Petrova was born in that abused, preyed upon, unhappy little country of Poland—but as she stated:

"That was never, never my fault, and I have done the best I could. I have married an American, and if I ever have a son, he will be one of your country by birth, an American, and a good one."

Madame Petrova spoke at both churches and received the most enthusiastic response to her appeal and great promises of the negroes of Atlanta

of the War Saving Stamp drive.

At night, she spoke at two other negro churches, and then left Atlanta to continue her tour of the country in the interest of the thrift campaign. She was highly pleased with the exceptional success attending her appearances at the Forsythe theater Saturday.

Devotes Life to the Negro People

Mrs. E. A. Hackley, Formerly a Detroit Girl, Fosters Interest in Music of Her Race.

DETROIT MICH. NEWS
AUGUST 18, 1918

Mrs. E. A. HACKLEY, director of the Normal Vocal Institute at Chicago, who is in the city training a chorus of 300 Negro singers who will give a Song Festival in the Armory Saturday evening, Aug. 24, has made a record among her own people by her work to advance them artistically.

Detroiters will be especially interested in her accomplishments, as she was one of the first Negresses in this city to teach in the public schools. She was, until her marriage, assigned to the Clinton School, and as a girl was the leader here in musical affairs among the Negro people.

Moving to Denver to devote herself to further study she received her degree in music from the University of Denver and then went abroad to study under De Reszke. While in Paris she became interested in Holy Trinity Lodge, an English speaking settlement house, and in London taught at Toynbee Hall, one of the first organized settlements, and on returning to this country decided to devote her talents to advancing her own people along musical lines.

She has visited nearly every Negro school and college, giving lectures for this purpose; has taught at Tuskegee Institute; and as director of the settlement school in Chicago, where lessons are given for five cents a week, has accomplished a great deal for the Negro race. She supports this school from her professional earnings and also has established the Hackley foreign scholarships which are assisting a young violinist, now in Paris, and a young pianist, who is now teaching at Talladega College, Ala.

Mrs. Hackley is now interesting both the white and Negro races through the series of Song Festivals, she is giving throughout the country. The one here will be for the benefit of Mercy Hospital and as well as the financial end in view it is intended to demonstrate to both races the beauty of the Negro music and revive interest in the old plantation songs and spirituals as well as in the works of the modern Negro composers.

Not only the favorite spirituals of the Negro will be sung Saturday evening, but there will be other melodies of every day life, and new developed compositions built upon motifs of these folk songs, besides

selections by H. T. Burleigh, R. ... Datt (Hampton Institute) and other Negro composers.

Tickets may be obtained at Mercy Hospital or at the Armory the evening of the concert.

NEGRO JAZZ BAND PLAYS AT EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN LONDON

English at Murray's Learn Mystic Mazes of U. S. Dances.

SAN ANTONIO TEX LIGHT
SEPTEMBER 2 1918

London, Sept. 2.—A rattling good American negro jazz band makes Murray's the mecca of all Americans who learn of the treat and who can pry their way in.

Murray's is presumably a closed corporation, a club, an exclusive of exclusives; perhaps by careful press agenting Americans manage to find the mystic passwords and, passing inside, find in the basement a dance floor twice the size of an ordinary New York tango lounge—and the jazz band.

All of which makes it begin to sound like a gay, all-night place, but it isn't. Such places do not exist in London under the ruling of "Dora," the ever-present Defense of the Realm act, which has its finger on one's pulse from morning until night. Murray's closes at 10 o'clock.

An early dinner, and there is time for two hours of dancing and an hour and a half for ordering of drinks. All bars closed at 9:30.

An hour and a half of drinking of Lloyd George drinks—with fangs carefully extracted or toned down—is fairly safe. Two hours of dancing to the jazz band is fatal to the casual traveler who has been long away from the tango lounge district.

Collars wilt unnoticed, while the imported "American" musicians set a pace that must be telling on the natives present. It is difficult to say whether there are native Englishmen present. The dancing is American; it isn't even Broadway. Most of it seems to come from Ann Arbor, Bloomington, Ind.; Champaign or Madison, Wis., as well it might, considering the number of American officers present.

The young aviation lieutenant who flew over from Paris yesterday and goes back tomorrow, "if he don't drop in the channel," hails from Anderson, Ind. One of the few "civvies" present is from Kansas City, over here, selling the government a trench cooking utensil. Two officers from Ohio sit in solitary glory at an end table, wishing for partners, and having no luck. No one has time for a canvass of the list of guests, but it's a safe bet that most sections of God's country are represented.

Ten o'clock and the taxi "wrassle." Is there a mad rush of drivers, "Taxi, sir?" style? There is not. A group of independent gentlemen who drive taxis at the beck and call of the public all day long are in the offing, to be sure. But they stay there. This is their part of the 24 hours, and they take their pound of flesh. In daylight one can go a long, long way on two or three shillings. At this time of night the driver is engaged—that is, he is engaged for, say, 10:10 and must be back quickly, leaving a delicate opening for a bribe above the legal fare. Or, finally, he says bluntly, "I might take you, if

there's ... Natur-
ally there is about one fare for the taxi company and two for the driver. Taken.

BIG INTEREST IN NEGRO SONG FEST

FORT WORTH TEX RECORD
[illegible] 1918

Advance sales of tickets for the second annual negro folk-song festival are such that there can be no doubt as to the interest of the public in the entertainment. The festival will take place at the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday, May 7. The following program will be given:

Part I.

Folk Songs—(a) "There's a Meeting Here Tonight," Miss Kathlyn Oliver, leader; (b) "Ain't That Good News?" Mrs. L. B. Jones, leader.

Song Colored Composer) — "Genevieve," (S. Coleridge Taylor), Mrs. E. J. V. Guinn.

Folk-Songs—(a) "When the Morning Comes," Mrs. B. C. Brown, leader; (b) "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," Mrs. E. B. Brady, leader.

Solo and Chorus (Colored Composer) "Rain Song," (W. M. Cook), Miss Rosa Lee Heath and senior class.

Folk-Songs—(a) "Be Ready for My Lord," (b) "Hear Me Praying?" (Allen Chapel junior choir.

Song (Colored Composer)—"You Ask Me If I Love You?" (H. T. Burleigh), Dr. N. T. Wallis.

Folk-Song—(a) "My Lord's Waiting All the Time," Prof. L. M. Johnson, leader; (b) "We'll Anchor Bye and Bye," Emma Watkins, leader.

Song (Colored Composer)—"Lil' Gal," (J. Rosamond Johnson), Miss Beatrice Slater.

Double Quartet—(a) "Listen to the Lambs," (b) "My Lord's Goin't Rain Down Fire," Mmes. I. Hall, L. Murrell, A. M. Brown, L. Lewis, Messrs. G. T. Willis, A. Hall, A. R. Newman, M. C. Williams.

Folk-Songs—(a) "King Jesus Is a Listening," Ethel Hatcher, leader; (b) "My Name's Written on High," Miss Beatrice Slater, leader.

Part 2.

Song (Colored Composer)—(a) "[illegible] Because," (H. T. Burleigh), (b) "When Aunt Malinda Sings," (Clark), Prof. W. F. Bledsoe.

Folk-Songs—(a) "Tell Me How Did You Feel?" Miss Mamie C. Jones, leader; (b) "My Little Soul's Goin't Shine," Miss Addte M. Brown, leader.

Song (Colored Composer)—"My Algonquin," (S. Coleridge Taylor), Mr. Gilbert Hailey.

Folk-Songs—(a) "Do You Think I'll Make a Soldier?" Miss Beatrice Slater, leader; (b) "O Rocks Don't Fall on Me," Mrs. I. S. Hall, leader.

Patriotic Number—"Soldiers' Chorus" (Gounod), High School Glee club.

Piano (Colored Composer) Mr. Herbert Williams.

Folk-Songs—(a) "Jubilee," Mr. M. C. Williams, leader; (b) "Ain't Goin't Study War No More," Mr. James Yearwood, leader.

Quartet (Colored Composer) "Lullaby," John Erby, Waddell Jones, Earnest Davis, Wesley Jackson.

Folk-Song—"Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?" Mrs. Sallie, leader.

Finale—"Let Us Rally 'Round the Flag."

AUGUST 8 1918

NEGRO IN ART AND LETTERS.

Progress of Race Shown in Exhibit at Y. M. C. A. Branch.

An interesting exhibit of the negro's achievements in art and literature, given under the auspices of the Negro Library Association, has been opened in the Carlton avenue branch of the Y. M. C. A. Among the collections are 478 books and 69 objects of art, principal among which is a series of engravings by Patrick Reason, a negro, dealing with phases of the abolition movement. Four original copies of Banneker's Almanac, published in 1792 by a one time slave who belonged to Thomas Jefferson and was freed because of his literary ability, were loaned by the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.

YOUNG NEGRO VIOLINIST SHOWS UNCOMMON ABILITY

[illegible] HERALD
FEBRUARY 22, 1918

In Acolian Hall last night Eugene Mars Martin, thirteen years old, a negro boy, made his début as a violinist. A more seasoned performer undoubtedly would have hesitated to perform a programme on which the pièce de résistance was Bach's concerto in A minor. That Master Martin attempted it at all speaks much for his ambition and his willingness to work. [illegible] memorization involved in such a programme is no mean intellectual feat. Eugene is a gifted child and plays as a child who has been well taught. His technique is surprisingly good and his tone is fairly pleasing.

Conrad C. Held was a most sympathetic accompanist and covered up Eugene's difficulties with tempo quite successfully.

One rebelled, however, against the exploitation of so young a child. His little frame was so tiny and frail, hardly strong enough to support so serious a head.

CLEVELAND [illegible] NEWS
NOVEMBER 20, 1918

On Negro Composers.

So many compositions of the negro composers, S. Coleridge-Taylor and H. T. Burleigh, find their way to concert programs at the present time, when negro "spirituals" seem to be particularly popular with the song recitalists, the following information in regard to the men will answer several inquiries:

Curiously enough neither of these negro composers was born either in negro countries or in any parts of countries where negroes predominate. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was born in London. His father, a West African, was a physician, and his mother was English. His musical education, too, was obtained entirely in England, principally at the Royal College of Music. He accomplished a great deal in the short span of his life and his untimely death took away a composer of much more than usual promise.

H. T. Burleigh was born in Erie, Pa., and his musical education was obtained principally in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. He has been baritone soloist at St. George's church since 1894, and also sang at Temple Emanuel over eighteen years. He is principally known as a composer of songs and has by no means the musical standing of Coleridge-Taylor, whose compositions in larger form, especially the choral [illegible]

Music, Poetry and Art.— 1918

HARRY H. PACE
Of the Pace and Handy Publishing Company, Now Located at 1547 Broadway

Pace and Handy Songs by Popular Singers

Numbers from Widely Known Publishers of "Blues" Being Used at Lincoln

Margaret Scott Featuring "The Song the Sunny Southland Sings"; "Sweet Child," By Ewing & Stovall.

The Pace and Handy Company came to New York a few weeks ago and established headquarters at 1547 Broadway. No sooner had they arrived in "The Big Town" from Beale street, Memphis, Tenn., New York seemed to sense the coming of the originators of the "Blues" style of musical composition and hundreds have called for the latest numbers from the popular composers. Harry H. Pace, though not at present actively connected with the company, is the moving spirit behind the scenes and a man who is widely known in social and fraternal circles. W. C. Handy can be found at the headquarters on Broadway every day and to his ability in the musical and business world can be attributed much of the success which has attended the firm since its start. Commencing Monday night of this week the Ewing and McLaurin company now playing at the Lincoln Theatre featured some of the Pace and Handy music, among them "The Song the Sunny Southland Sings," used to good effect by Margaret Scott; "Blind Man Blues," introduced by Billy McLaurin; "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," sung by Kitty Brown and "Sweet Child," by McLaurin and Stovall, and published by the same firm. Many of the other numbers will be used during the week and if we are to judge from the success which greeted the "Memphis Blues," the "Hesitating," and many other "Blues" from the above company, then we can safely predict an unprecedented demand for the output from the Pace and Handy Company.

In the World of Music

The Atlanta Constitution.
May 5, 1918.

THE NEGRO FOLK MUSIC

SOME OF THE SECRETS OF GERALDINE

ATLANTA'S QUARTETTE

YSAYE WITH THE CINCINNATI

MISS BEYER'S RECOGNITION

By Louise Dooly

The colored people of the south have a wonderful asset in their plantation melodies and their singing of them. This fact was made apparent in their concert given by a chorus of a hundred at the Auditorium Tuesday night to raise funds for the completion of their Y. M. C. A. building.

Do they appreciate it, and will they develop it, or will they follow after false gods?

Songs like "Down by the Riverside," and "Swing Low, Swet Chariot," are characteristic. Their themes were evolved, probably, by negroes, and they suit the negro's natural method of singing.

Besides what we call the natural pathos in their voices, they trail their tones from one note, from one interval to another, and there are turns on a phrase, as in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which are as typical as the rhythm of the Scotch folk songs, with their characteristic ascending or descending triplet at the end of a phrase.

When a trained white singer attempts the negro spiritual or chant, they generally fall down on it, partly because they have not the racial mellowness of one quality and partly because their training guides them directly against the habit of trailing the voice, except for occasional effects. The spiritual, like Burleigh's "Deep River," are quite the vogue now on the concert stage, but there are even fewer successes at it than there are successful dialect recitalists.

* * * *

A UNIQUE POSSESSION.

The negroes can sing them, and they do it beautifully. They ought to be proud of it, because it is something the like of which America as a nation does not possess. We have no real folk music. The negro folk music does not represent America, nor does the Indian.

The negro can do his own folk music well, with little or no training, and people love to hear it. There is much material in it for profitable development, like the song by Burleigh, who is of the colored race.

The "Corn Song," by Coleridge-Taylor, another composer of their race, is neither characteristic nor atmospheric, and it would require a singer finished in the absolute art of singing to make it acceptable. Even then it does not reflect the race. It merely relates in descriptive terms an episode of the race.

The cultivation of the typical music of the people need not involve a neglect of the study of music in its broader aspects, of music as a great comprehensive art, a civilizing and uplifting influence.

The Russians, whose music is now so much to the fore in America, are an instance. The Russians, while composing music that belongs to the whole realm of art, have built it on their own folk songs, on their own sense of melody, of rhythm, of color, of harmony. It is universal, but it retains its racial identity. It is not the gift to music of a few musicians that happened to live in the same part of the world, but it is Russia's gift.

And so may the negro folk music some day take its place, if the people whose inspiration in it rate it at its value, husband and develop it. Some of its themes are already recorded in music that will live, usually by composers of the white race who have seen its possibilities. Let its own people, too, cherish it, for, as their speaker said at their concert the other night, of the "orthodoxy" of their religion, it is unique and a treasure.

"MUSICAL AMERICA" SPEAKS FOR LYRICIST

The New York Age.

In strongly supporting the contention of lyricists that they should be given more just recognition on programs and elsewhere, Musical America, one of the largest and most influential publications of its kind, and published in New York, has this to say:

"It has always been my opinion that one of the main reasons why so little attention is paid to diction by singers, and also why we have so many poor librettos, of which constant complaint is made when a new musical comedy or even a new opera is produced, is due to the fact that the lyricist, the man who writes the words of a song or the libretto, gets very small pay and even when a success is won is virtually ignored. After a time his very name disappears from the program. And yet what is a song, but a poem set to music? What inspired the composer? Why, the poem. What is an opera? Music set to a libretto. You have the libretto, and if the libretto is poor, it certainly does not improve the quality or effectiveness of the music.

"And yet, when we speak of a song or an opera we refer only to the composer of the music. Ask anyone who composed "Aida," one of the most tragic and effectively dramatic works known. The reply will promptly be—Verdi. And yet, where would Verdi have been had not the Italian poet, Antonio Ghislanzoni, assisted by Mariette Bay, a Frenchamn, worked out the wondrous drama that he did, and which you remember was ordered by the late Khedive of Egypt for production to celebrate in Cairo the opening of the Suez Canal, though our late lamented friend Elbert Hubbard, a clever writer; always insisted that the work had been engineered by the Shah of Persia, which was a double mistake. In the first place, it was not in accordance with the facts, and in the next place, the Persians are poets, not musicians.

"To come back to the lyricist. A plea has just been made by Lester A. Walton that he should receive consideration. Mr. Walton has asked me why programs ignore the writer of the words of the song, when the writer really is the creator of the idea of the song. He says, with great truth, that any publisher will tell you that he can get all the pretty melodies he wants, but experiences considerable difficulty in securing original ideas. And that publisher is continually saying that what he wants are words with a new idea for a song. And yet it is the publisher who usually fails to give the lyricist the consideration due him. This is particularly true in the way of high class songs.

"In The New York Age, which is an old established and leading paper published in the interest of our colored citizens, Mr. Walton has an exceedingly well put and able article. In referring to a concert given recently in Boston, chiefly of music by Negro composers, before a distinguished audience of white and colored music-lovers, Mr. Walton says that the presence on the program of such wellknown and talented artists as Harry T. Burleigh as accompanist, Clarence Cameron White, violinist, and Ann Lillian Evans, soprano, did much to give the entertainment tone and class. The program, however, completely ignored the lyricists responsible for the words of the songs that were sung.

"Recently Mr. Walton says, he read a lengthy and interesting article in the New York *Evening Mail* about Negro songs. 'Exhortation' and 'The Rain Song' were referred to as having been written by Will Marion Cook. No mention was made of the fact that Alexander Rogers was the originator of the idea and wrote the words to these numbers.

"When one reads in the papers that Harry T. Burleigh's 'The Young Warrior' was well received, no reference is ever made to the fact that James Weldon Johnson wrote the words.

Mr. Walton's point is well taken. When we begin to recognize the value of the lyricist, when we begin to give him or her due credit, when we also give him or her fair remuneration, the result will be a higher class of lyric work, which will logically and naturally produce a higher type of music and hence give us a higher type of songs. And the same will be true of our musical comedies. The same, indeed, will be true of our operas. Just so long as the reward in the way of publicity and in the way of dollars is negligible for the lyricist, you will not get the standard of words or of libretto that you should, and that undoubtedly can be easily reached in this country."

JUBILEE MELODY SONG BOOK.

The Western Leader March 14 1918.

Some months ago there came prominently before the country the National Jubilee Melody song book. We want to acknowldge receipt of a copy of the eigth edition of this publication. It contains more than 158 songs that were originated back in the days of slavery. These songs have been collected and set to music at a great expense. Some of them originated in the rice fields of South Carolina and the cane fields of Louisiana; some in the cotton fields of Georgia and Texas; some on the tobacco plantations of Kentucky and Virginia; some in the turpentine swamps of Florida. While the jubilee songs have been sung all over the world; it is only recently that the admission has been made that they are the only real American music of today. Publisher's rights on this National Jubilee Melody Song Book were secured by the National Baptist Publishing Board, located at Nashville, Tenn., under the management of Rev. R. H. Boyd, D. D., who, it is understood, was the prime mover in insisting upon the authors of the book to give it to the American public. They scored a wonderful hit when they printed a special edition to be sent to "Our boys in the camps." Their edition was covered in khaki with the American flag in khaki with the American flag printed on the back. Under this flag was a remark of the noted Sergeant Carney, who, in one of the battles after being wounded, declared, "We never let it touch the ground." It might be interesting to note some of the songs that appear in the book that have been sung so often, such songs as "I ain't going to study war no more," "I've done what you told me to do," Free at last," "Inching Along," "All my sins are taken away," "I couldn't hear nobody pray," "It's me, it's me, O Lord," "My good Lord's done been here," "Swing low, sweet chariot," and a number of others too numerous to mention. Our publication wishes to thank the National Baptist Publishing Board, for a special copy. We shall be glad to show it to any of our readers who may chance to visit our office.

POET LAUREATE VERY ILL

Mr. Roscoe C. Jamison, Who Is Rapidly Forging to the Front as the Most Brilliant Poet of the Race, Is Attacked by the Great White Plague and Goes to Arizona to Attempt to Recuperate His Health.

The many friends and admirers of Roscoe C. Jamison, the brilliant young poet of St. Joseph, Mo., will doubtless be both pained and shocked to know that this most promising young man

Kansas City Sun

ROSCOE C. JAMISON
St. Joseph, Mo., who has gone to Arizona for his health.

has fallen a victim to the dreadful scourge Tuberculosis and has been hurriedly sent by his friends to Arizona in the hope of recovering his health.

Mr. Jamison has written many poems and has elicited much praise from competent critics and was just reaching the zenith of his possibilities when his health failed. A pamphlet containing many of his poems is being prepared by his friends to be sold to assist him in making the struggle for existence in which he is engaged. The Sun most earnestly hopes that every friend and admirer of this young man, whether they know him or not, as well as those who believe in the possibilities of the race, will purchase a copy of these poems which will be sold at the nominal price and will be on the market in a few days. Further information relative to the time they will be ready can be obtained by calling this Office over Bell Phone, East 999, or East 2789. In another column we are publishing one of his most brilliant and stirring poems: read it.

A. R. GRIGGS, JR.

In "The Broken Bow News," the following poem appears under date of April 6. He too, was raised in Dallas, after going through the schools here he took advantage of Roger William University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Dallas Express

"The Statute of Liberty.

We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated."
—Woodrow Wilson.

Men of America, once warriors bold
What means this torch in my hand I hold?
Is it symbolic that men are free
I am the statute of Liberty?

Pilgrims who have worshipped at my shrine
Honored me with a faith divine,
Believing me your soul to be
I, the "Statute," your soul "Liberty."

April 13, 1918.

The weary and oppressed from foreign climes
Have paid homage to such a soul sublime;
They saw my light and came to see
The glories of the land of Liberty.

Washington and Lincoln those names they call
When before me on their knees they fall
They think I embody the spirits of them;
That they were direct emissaries of Him,
Of Him who teaches the brotherhood of man,
Whose kingdom is the only real promise land.

But they know if the soul of men be true
This world can be safe for me and you.

Fierce winds are blowing a mighty gale
Dark coluds are hovering over hill and dale
Threatening dire things for all the earth,
Most for the principles that gave me birth.

Blood of your fathers has bathed my feet,
That this nation might exist and help compete
In the contest of nations for Democracy's cause
And win for itself the Angel's applause.

In a distance I see autocracy's hand,
Backed by a brutal and merciless band,
Trying to thrust me from the place I hold,
Calling men forth to liberty's fold.

We, Americans bold, say you must stay,
As a beacon to the weary who perchance may stray.

We'll uphold your hand so the world may see
The bright burning torch of Liberty."

ALLEN R. GRIGGS, JR.

FOLK SONGS TO CHEER NEGROES.

Kansas City Times

To Teach Colored Soldiers Plantation Melodies.

Jubilee Singers to Tour the Army Camps.

Believe Morale of Fighters will be Increased.

BY NOAH D. THOMPSON.

Desiring to cheer the soldiers at the various camps with plantation melodies and jubilee songs, the Hall Jubilee Singers of Los Angeles have offered their services to the War Department at Washington, with the hope that they will soon be on their way "somewhere" at an early date. According to John Hall, manager of the group of vocal singers, negro folk songs, sometimes called "negro spirituals," will have a moral effect upon the soldiers, that will discount in a large degree the influence of the "rag-time" music with which all of the soldiers' camps are said to be flooded.

However, the idea of a change of this class of music for the training camps did not originate with Mr. Hall, although he and his singers always confine themselves to negro folk songs and the old favorite

Mr. Peabody believes that the moral uplift of the brave Americans in the army and navy can be highly promoted through the cultivation of a taste for wholesome, soul-stirring music with melodies that will quicken the step and at the same time sweeten the dull routine of life in an army camp.

For a long while Mr. Peabody has been an active force in the educational work among the colored people of the South, and it is his opinion that constant use of "negro folk songs" and "spirituals" in such institutions as Tuskegee Institute, Hampton Institute and Fisk University, is responsible for the high quality and sturdy characters of the students that have gone out from these schools, many of whom are enlisted in the United States Army as privates and officers, in the camps and with the troops overseas.

Mr. Peabody has enlisted the aid of Emmett J. Scott, special assistant to Secretary of War Baker, in his effort to gain the hearty support of the men in the training camps, and the sympathetic co-operation of the 11,000,000 colored people in the United States.

THE GREATEST OF ALL WAR SONGS

The St. Louis Argus

The greatest of all war songs composed by Thos. Melton, the young Colored poet and musician of Melton Barrett School of Music, is a song that any race would be proud to claim the honor of producing. A copy should be in every American home. Mr. Melton has already mailed over 300 copies to our boys in the different camps, gratis. It is a song that will not only inspire the Colored soldiers, but one that will inspire every American soldier. On sale at Shattinger's Music Store, 910 Olive St, and Watkins' Piano Store, 2905 Laclede Ave., or by mail 25c, postpaid. May 11, 1918

Music, Poetry and Art - 1918

More Research in Negro Folksong

[illegible]
[illegible]
MARCH 31, 1918

The Schola Cantorum at Its Impending Concert Will Present the First Fruit of Natalie Curtis's Recent Expedition in the South

Toward the end of the programme which the Schola Cantorum Chorus will give on April 7 at Carnegie Hall, under Kurt Schindler's direction, there is a song named "God's Ago'n Ter Move All Der Troubles Away," credited to a "traditional negro" source. It is one more of the "spirituals" or camp meeting songs which have served to establish in the minds of white folk the genius of the colored race in music. And it has never before been heard in a formal concert by an assemblage of white folk.

It is only the first fruit of many months of work, recently completed, by Natalie Curtis in the South, undertaken in an attempt to rescue more of the negro folk-music than has yet been committed to paper and to preserve it in a more literal form than has been attempted before. By rights there should be more of these songs at this concert, but because of the shortage of paper and labor, the glut in transportation and the many other factors we have all heard about, and especially because of the fact that the engravers of music are mostly enemy aliens and hence working under practical difficulties, the engraved sheets of music could not be prepared in time. Hence, New York will at this time have the opportunity of hearing but one song of Miss Curtis's harvest. But this one serves to open the way to comment on the rest.

All Miss Curtis's transcriptions, including this one, have a special interest for musicians from the fact that they represent the spontaneous polyphonic singing of the negroes in chorus. And lest the reader fail to be properly impressed with this statement, let it be added that but three or four other races on record can boast such spontaneous polyphony. Nearly all the folk-music which has been recorded for us has been sung in unison. The idea of harmony is a slow growth. Some theorists consider it a wholly artificial growth. Historically it has come to us by way of the laborious polyphony of the monks of the Middle Ages, who fitted one tune to another until they had formulated a tolerable system of concords which might serve for a harmonic system. Our modern conception of harmony did not dawn upon their consciousness until centuries after they had begun working on contrapuntal voices.

Untutored Singers

Only a few decades ago every doctor of music would have stated categorically that folk-music was always and necessarily sung in unison—that it was wholly and solely unaccompanied by melodies. Then Mme. Lineva wrote her book of Russian folk-songs, fostered by the Russian government, and, fortunately for our ignorant Western scholars, published with parallel columns of French. Here she showed that the Russian peasants were accustomed to sing obbligato parts to their folk-tunes, elaborately devised and twisted, forming a remarkable counterpoint, and proving beyond question that the contrapuntal instinct could exist in untutored singers. These songs, instinct with the genius of Russian folk-music, parallel the old monkish experiments, with the same groping for satisfactory concordant intervals, with the same yearning toward luxuriant florid design. But their counterpoint is as fresh as the other is dusty. The one smells of cloistered arches; the other reeks with the perfume of the fields.

Outside of the Slavs no other people, so far as our record goes, have adorned their folksongs with counterpoint, save certain black races. Percy Grainger reports that the Polynesians sing polyphonically, and there are other tribes whose music is of no great artistic importance. But the great outstanding example, as Miss Curtis has shown, is the American negro and his African forebear. His polyphony bubbles like a fresh spring. It is tireless, inexhaustible.

This is no new observation. It has been reported from Africa that the savages indulge in a sort of part-singing. Many observers have delighted in recording how the negroes at their camp meetings burst in with their "Hallelujahs." The fondness of the colored singers for accompanying their songs with humming harmonies is well known. But occasional musical ejaculations are not the same thing as sustained counterpoint, and neither is humming, which, besides, is probably unconscious imitation. Most of the original records on the subject of negro folk music have been of an unreliable nature as regards the technical details, and many have been wholly untrustworthy. Hence commentators have hesitated to ascribe a true polyphonic instinct to the colored race. Miss Curtis's transcriptions come as a convenient bit of documentary evidence which should clinch the controversy.

Instinct Fills In

The remarkable aptitude of the negro in "picking up" music has long been a byword. Miss Curtis recalls some of the early rehearsals of the now famous Clef Club. It used to practise in a small room, which gave the "trap drummer" scarcely room in which to swing his sticks. Many of its members were porters, waiters or elevator boys, who could not read music, but had learned to play their instruments by ear. The leader grouped those who could not read about those who could, and by some magic of the ear the ensemble was playing its music in admirable fashion on the third trial. When a part was too difficult instinct simplified it. When a bar seemed empty instinct filled it. Now the organization plays with a perfection of ensemble which many a group of conservatory men would not attain until after years of association.

This gift of approaching music freshly, ardently, creatively, Miss Curtis has found everywhere in the black race, so far as she has studied it, and it is as marked in the chorus of a Southern camp meeting as in the Clef Club of New York. She asked one darkey boy what part he was accustomed to sing in a chorus.

"Sometimes Ah sing soprano," he replied, "an' sometimes Ah sings bass. It all depends on the lay of the song and how Ah feels."

From an instinct as fresh, as accurate and as true as the negro possesses there might well flower something to puzzle the inexpert collector. And this seems to be what has happened, for few of the well meaning persons who have transcribed negro folksongs in the past have been technically trained musicians.

All the spirituals have been preserved to us hitherto only in the form of a single melody, and too often that melody has been simplified and civilized until it lost its racial character. Miss Curtis determined to get to the bottom of the matter. She took pains to have the songs sung as they were sung on their native heath, without any of the self-consciousness of an exhibition performance. She provided herself with an amanuensis in the shape of a phonograph, as most folksong collectors do nowadays, when it is practicable. She spent many hours deciphering her disks and transcribing the music to paper in such a way as to preserve all the nuances of rhythm, accent and phrasing. She worked intensively. Numerically her harvest is not large, for she spent her time and efforts on the obtaining of the most accurate possible transcription of a few songs, not only of the parts, but of every variation of syncopation and phrasing through all the stanzas. The collection, which is soon to be published by G. Schirmer & Co. under the name of Natalie Curtis Burlin, comprises sixteen part-songs, carefully worked out in all details, some of which have never before been recorded in any form. These, Miss Curtis hopes, will be a permanent contribution to the literature of the subject.

Most of her work Miss Curtis did at the Hampton Institute in Virginia, where she could install a "laboratory" and a phonograph. But she checked up her results with work in the field and feels sure they have not suffered from the indoor atmosphere. So far as they go they prove the theory of the negro's polyphonic instinct up to the hilt.

Not Taught by Whites

But it is still possible to maintain that the negro was unconsciously tutored in such matters by white folk. So, in order to check her theory further and carry her investigations back beyond the influence of the whites, Miss Curtis spent much time with two negro boys at the institute, newly arrived from Africa, one from Portuguese East Africa and the other from Natal. Both these lads had brought with them the songs of their people, a people who had had scarcely any association with the whites and certainly no musical education from them. And they reported the same thing—that the blacks in Africa mingle their melodies in a true counterpoint. One of their songs she sang for the interviewer. It is a lovely thing, instinct with rhythm and emotion. This song the witch doctor sings as he exercises the evil spirits out of a patient. He operates in a trance, under the influence of a familiar spirit. But at the close of the session the spirit leaves him, and he bids it farewell in a lively strain which mingles with the quite distinct melody sung by the people. All the data she has been able to gather about native African music confirm her belief that polyphonic singing among many tribes is spontaneous.

This instinct crossed the water with the black folk on their tragic journey into slavery. It blossomed out in almost all the singing they did on American soil, in the cotton field, in the camp meeting, on the levee. The negro adorned his songs with contrapuntal voice-parts, which groped toward full and satisfying harmony and added inexhaustible rhythmic and melodic variety. After some decades on this continent he acquired a true harmonic sense, perhaps by unconscious imitation from such part-singing as he heard from the whites, or possibly by the natural process of harmonic evolution. By the time of the Civil War, it appears, he was singing a true harmonic accompaniment to his melodies. But the polyphonic instinct was not submerged, as it is in church congregations. The parts in the spirituals which Miss Curtis has collected preserved their own individuality, moving in a lively and highly rhythmic melodic line, which does not always result in a harmony satisfying to more sophisticated ears. These harmonic "mistakes" are precious to musicians. Not only do they prove that the negro's musical culture is still in process of growth, but they frequently generate new musical possibilities which may be developed into impressive racial traits.

The spontaneity of the negro's singing has struck Miss Curtis the more forcibly because she has specialized chiefly in Indian folk-music, which is usually sung with rigid and ceremonial uniformity. Miss Curtis is known to many students as the author of "The Indian's Book," a compilation of Indian tunes and legends, published (in 1917) by Harper's, and of a book of corn-grinding songs gathered from the Pueblo tribes and published by G. Schirmer. She entered the field of negro music a little reluctantly, insisting that a colored musician would be best fitted for the work. Her *non mea culpa* lies in the fact that she was invited, nay commanded, to do the work by the colored people themselves, especially by Robert Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute.

Hampton Helped Greatly

The collection was undertaken for Hampton Institute, in Virginia, which will receive all the royalties for the benefit of negro education. Hampton, indeed, supplied many of the facilities for the work, not alone by providing hospitality and "laboratory space" to the worker, but by preserving many of the songs through its own efforts. Miss Cora M. Folsom, for thirty years a worker at the school, some time ago noted down the words of many of the work songs which came from the old plantations, the traces of which might otherwise have been lost. Further,

Miss Curtis's work has been made easier because Hampton has made it a cardinal principle not to educate out of its pupils the culture of their race, but to foster and encourage its development.

Miss Curtis's work contributes much toward clearing up certain disputed matters in reference to negro folk-music, matters which have been in doubt largely because of the inaccuracy of so much of the work hitherto done. The peculiar syncopation of negro music, familiarly known as ragtime, she finds to be no invention made on this continent, much less an imitation from the syncopation of the whites, as some have maintained. It comes from Africa. The relationship between the syncopation of the American and the African negroes she is convinced is nothing casual or accidental. It is the relationship of father and son. Similarly, the negro's fondness for singing his songs in the form of verse and refrain comes straight from Africa. The "header" who is paid extra for singing the lead in American levee gangs has his counterpart in the leader of the work songs among the African tribes.

Again, Miss Curtis's work will do something to dissipate the still prevalent misconception that the negro's folksong is almost wholly religious. Two of the four books of songs which are soon to appear are devoted to work and play songs, preserved from old slave days and carrying the memory of the harsh conditions under which they were invented. The notion that the negro's lyric imagination flowed wholly into the religious mould probably results from the fact that the camp meeting was one of the most picturesque of his institutions, and that the men and women who did the earliest collecting of his music were more interested in his spiritual than in his æsthetic welfare. It is also true that his work and play songs are usually more fragmentary, less highly developed and of less absolute musical value than his spirituals. But that his musical invention balked at the common experiences of his daily life is wholly untrue. Miss Curtis was able to pick up a number of fine secular songs easily. She is convinced that the South is still full of them, and devoutly hopes that negro musicians will make it their business to collect them on an extensive scale.

She is inclined to regard her present work as only a preliminary to a more extensive and detailed survey of the field, which she hopes will be undertaken by negro musicians. For the field is large and the workers are few. The result of her researches will be embodied in a book, "Songs from the Dark Continent," to be published in the fall by Doubleday, Page & Co., which will deal wholly with native African music. This is distinct from the volumes of American negro songs which Schirmer is publishing.

ADELE BRADEN.

Song Recital, Aeolian Hall, To-morrow Afternoon.

Two New American Operas Exploit Folk Music of the Indian and the Negro Races

INDIANAPOLIS (IND.) NEWS
MARCH 30 1918

[By Hiram K. Moderwell]

[Special to The Indianapolis News]

IT IS holy week over here and the unholiest week in modern history over there. Outside of a trifling "Love's Laughter" at the Lexington Avenue opera house, New York has no new plays and no stomach for them. So perhaps this time is proper to go outside the field of the theater of the spoken word and into that of music-drama, and record that two new American works, one of considerable significance, were last Saturday produced for the first time at the Metropolitan opera house. The one, Charles Wakefield Cadman's opera, "Shanewis," showing the pitiful plight of an Indian girl who believed what a paleface told her and the other, Henry F. Gilbert's ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo," picturing the merry-making of the slaves in old New Orleans in ante-bellum days. They are both 100 per cent. American by the familiar test that composer, librettist and scene designer are citizens under the Stars and Stripes, and that the scene is laid on American soil. They are further national in the sense that they seek to exploit for their musical material certain folk-song strains native to the continent.

Mr. Cadman and Mr. Gilbert, close students respectively of the Indian and negro folk literatures, have felt the distinctive colors of them and have sought to exploit them for the opera house. The discreet will agree that the former succeeded indifferently, and the latter admirably and even brilliantly, but both have convinced their hearers that their procedure was not wrong.

All the same, there were mistakes made in the Cadman opera. For our part, if there is to be a "scene laid in America," the last place we should want it laid would be in an American after-dinner party. What with the American girl trying to remember not to be athletic and the American man trying to live up to the dignity of his dress suit, the picture is always depressing. The fact that the charming Indian girl, Shanewis, came into this picture and sang two charming songs (one of them literal Indian) and stole the love of paleface and palehearted Lionel, did not much enliven the situation. And the ensemble became less and less interesting as the singers piled over the wretched recitative which the librettist had provided, and sang the resounding arias which the composer seemed almost to have pinched from Puccini.

In the second act, out in the Indian reservation, things went better. Somehow, we always feel more at home in the opera house when the sights and sounds aren't too familiar. With the old braves dancing around and consecrating their tomahawks, with a fierce young chief glowering jealously at Shanewis and her lover, with Lionel's dances and her mother interrupting the love scene, and with the young chief sending a poisoned arrow into the pale-faced heart, things were exciting in that brief act. And Mr. Cadman's music, much of it drawn note perfect from Indian mouths, caught the rush of the drama and really succeeded in effecting the romantic illusion. Norman Bel-Geddes had designed effective scenes, and some of the best minor singers of the Metropolitan did their best with the principal parts. Richard Ordynski, general stage director at the Metropolitan, handled the group movements splendidly.

If Mr. Cadman's work is facile, amiable and adaptible, Mr. Gilbert's ballet is almost fiercely intense. The composer took his themes and his atmosphere from French-Creole folk music for his twenty-minute tone poem, for which he provided a pantomime libretto from one of George W. Cable's remarkable sketches of life in old Louisiana. His idea was seized upon by Ottokar Bartik, who worked out the details of the dancing, and by Livingston Platt, who designed scenery and costumes. And after the many compromises which always must be made at the Metropolitan, the work came to performance, not indeed in the blinding intensity of its true colors, but still with a startling sharpness of line and hue.

For six days the slaves used to toil in the cotton fields, but on the seventh, for two hours in the afternoon, they were permitted to gather on Place Congo and revel. Here the hot sun which had burned into their skin all week burst into their blood, and the fury of the dance expressed the longings which the lash had frightened into quiescence. And here, in the course of many dances, as Mr. Gilbert devised his story, two lovers of the beautiful slave girl Aurore cast their jealous eyes at one another from time to time, and jealousy finally sharpened into a knife, and the villain was killed not a moment too soon by Aurore's own hand.

Mr. Gilbert's music is, to the musician, the most interesting that has ever been heard in an opera house over an American signature. As for the public, we shall see, but we suspect that no American public will pass up its vibrant dance rhythms. They should not, for here is the American public's favorite rhythm, ragtime, enshrined and ennobled, taken seriously and used with uncanny effectiveness for the highest purposes of art.

BIG AUDIENCE THRILLED BY NEGRO FOLK SONGS

Another Splendid Program Will Be Offered at the Auditorium Tonight.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION
APRIL 2 1918

Not since the days when Lilly Sunday was honored with a big concert by the Atlanta negro community has an audience fallen so completely under the spell of weirdly minor strains of the folk songs of the negro race as did the one that gathered at the Auditorium-Armory last night to hear the Folk Song Festival carried out under the auspices of the Georgia Music Festival associa-

tion.

The big chorus on the stage of the Auditorium contained the picked negro vocal talent of the city. The program that was carried out was one of the best arranged to which an Atlanta audience has ever been treated, and the performers' work throughout the concert showed that their training had been careful and masterly.

Altogether, the large audience of whites and colored people enjoyed themselves every minute of the program, the audience remaining silent as the big dusky chorus switched without breaking the rhythm of its words and music from the strains of "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler" to the well-known croon of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or from the snappy tones of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," to the crescendo notes of "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray."

The program lasted one and a half hours and ended in a burst of patriotic numbers in which the negro's anthem was represented by "Suwannee River," and it was a well-pleased audience that left the Auditorium with the tunes original with the negro still running through their minds.

The United States government has detailed 100 colored soldiers from Camp Gordon to lead the patriotic parade tonight. They will be cordially welcomed to the city by leading colored man and women. They will be met at Peachtree street and the Prado and escorted to the First Congregational church, where they will be welcomed by 100 leading colored men, after which they will be served refreshments by a committee of colored women.

At 4 o'clock they will march with the fire to the Auditorium-Armory to take part in the pageant.

A portion of the proceeds will go toward a benefit fund for Camp Gordon colored soldiers to purchase musical instruments and flags.

LOYD A. WILHOIT.

...ation Would Benefit Negro Music Says Writer

PITTSBURG PA TIMES
FEBRUARY 25, 1918

There has been a great deal of talk lately about the position the Negro takes or should take in the musical life of the nation. According to some he should not be educated above the most elementary steps for fear that he might lose his peculiarly individual traits. According to others he should be educated to take his place among the masters of the world. A New York writer says:

That the Negro has a power of musical expression that is distinctly individual is apparent to all who have heard him. That the power should be kept pure and unalloyed is highly desirable. But to believe that a higher education in this art will serve to adulterate and take away the charm of his creative ability is rather far-fetched.

According to all precedent, knowledge means power. It is therefore safe to assume that knowledge along musical lines, instead of having the effect of taking from the Negro the power of expressing the emotions of his race, will serve to increase it. The assumption is made by some people who would give the Negro no more than elementary training in music, that an acquaintance with the masters of music will create in him a desire to imitate them. Again we say, all honor and glory to him if he can. If there are any real artists among the race, as there assuredly must be, they will imitate up to a certain extent, that is, to the point of aspiring to truest harmony and greatest beauty. It will lend above all to make them cast away any mediocre attempt to express the art of their people, and inspire them to the highest degree of perfection attainable.

Negro Artists

We are the honored recipients of a copy of Major N. Clark Smith's recent composition entitled "Prayer From the Heart of Emancipation," written for solo, chorus and orchestra. Undoubtedly this is destined to be one of the most popular choruses of the year and many complimentary notices have been published through the Press concerning this stirring and significant composition.

MAJOR N. CLARK SMITH.

Music, Poetry and Art — 1918

IGNORING THE LYRICIST

New York Age
2-23-18

(BY LESTER A. WALTON)

ON the evening of February 14 a concert, chiefly of Negro music by Negro composers, was given at Jordan Hall, Boston, before a distinguished audience of white and colored music-lovers, and the presence on the program of such well-known and talented artists as Harry T. Burleigh as accompanist, Clarence Cameron White, violinist, and Miss Ann Lillian Evans, soprano, did much to give the entertainment tone and class.

Efforts of this kind are praiseworthy, for they tend to develop among Negroes race pride and awaken a much-needed trait—race consciousness. They further serve to raise us in higher esteem among well-thinking white people. Similar concerts, under the proper auspices, should be given throughout the United States. It would be the right move in the right direction from which incalculable benefits to the race would accrue sooner or later.

In glancing over the program I note that the usual policy of completely ignoring the lyricist was consistently followed out. For what reason the writer of the words to a song is always kept in the background on high-class musical programs has always been a source of wonderment to me. When I asked those who should know, for instance the publisher, I am repeatedly told, "Merely a matter of custom."

I recently read a lengthy and interesting article in the New York *Evening Mail* about Negro songs. "Exhortation" and "The Rain Song" were referred to as having been written by Will Marion Cook. No mention was made that Alex Rogers was the originator of the idea and wrote the words to these numbers.

When you read in the papers of Harry T. Burleigh's "The Young Warrior," you seldom, if ever, are told that James Weldon Johnson wrote the words, and although "Mammy" was the babe of my brain, my experience has been similar to that of Messrs. Rogers and Johnson.

This is not to be regarded as a great outcry against those who set words to music. Far from it. I have no desire to minimize their importance nor belittle them in any manner whatsoever. My plaint is on behalf of a square deal for the lyric writer. It would be absurd for the lyricist to quarrel with the writer of music and to charge that the latter was responsible for conditions not to his liking. Such is not the case.

Any publisher will tell you that he can get all the pretty melodies he wants, but experiences some difficulty in securing original ideas. "What we want most are words with a new idea for a song," the song-writer is being constantly told by the publisher. And yet it is the publisher who usually fails to give the lyricist the kindly consideration due him. This is particularly true in the matter of high-class songs. In the popular field the word and music writers break into type on a more equitable basis.

This appeal for just recognition is not made merely for a few lyric writers, but on behalf of all; so at a time when antiquated custom is being thrown into the scrap-heap and everyone is in quest of a square deal, it seems to me that it is opportune and fitting to demand that the lyric writer be accorded the recognition to which he is so justly entitled.

The program of the concert given at Jordan Hall follows:

Chaconne ..... *Vitali*

MR. WHITE

(a) The Stars
(b) Candle Lightin' Time
(c) Thou Art Risen My Beloved
S. Coleridge-Taylor

MISS EVANS

Ballade—in C Minor..... *S. Coleridge-Taylor*

MR. WHITE

(a) "I Want To Be Ready"
() "By An' By"
(c) "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"
Negro Spirituals
Arranged by Harry T. Burleigh

MISS EVANS

Mr. Burleigh at the Piano

Southland Sketches ..... *Harry T. Burleigh*
No. 1. Andante
No. 2. Adagio ma non troppo
No. 3. Allegretto Grazioso
No. 4. Allegro

MR. WHITE

Mr. Burleigh at the Piano

(a) The Awakening .... *J. Rosamond Johnson*
(b) "Mammy" ..... *Will Marion Cook*
(c) Just You ..... *Harry T. Burleigh*
(d) Life and Death ..... *S. Coleridge-Taylor*

MISS EVANS

(a) Viennese Song ..... *Fritz Kreisler*
(b) Orientale
(c) Cradle Song ..... *Cesar Cui*
(d) Negro Dance .... *Clarence Cameron White*

MR. WHITE

The concert was given under the patronage of Mrs. Edward P. Adams, Mrs. Ernest G. Adams, Miss Mary W. Allen, Mrs. James B. Ames, Miss Edith Andrew, Miss Maria L. Baldwin, Mrs. J. Dellinger Barney, Miss Bertha Baumann, Miss Cornelia Bowditch, Mrs. Eben F. Bowditch, Miss Olivia Y. Bowditch, Mrs. George G. Bradford, Miss Louise W. Brooks, Mrs. Horace Bumstead, Mrs. George Carter, Miss Margaret Chapman, Mrs. George W. Coleman, Miss Katheryn Conley, Miss Caroline P. Cordner, Miss Elizabeth P. Cordner, Mrs. Louis C. Cornish, Mrs. R. F. Coursey, Miss Margery L. Crothers, Mrs. Samuel McC. Crothers, Mrs. Horace A. Davis, Mrs. Pitt Dillingham, Mrs. Charles F. Dole, Mrs. Christopher R. Eliot, Mrs. Mary P. Fearing, Miss Annie E. Fisher, Mrs. George W. Forbes, Mrs. George Fuller, Mrs. Charles Garrison, Mrs. William L. Garrison, Mrs. William L. Garrison, Jr., Miss Isa E. Gray, Mrs. W. O. Goodell, Mrs. J. Mott Hallowell, Mrs. Norwood P. Hallowell, Mrs. Robert H. Hallowell, Mrs. C. W. Harrison, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. John Homans, Miss Lois L. Howe, Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mrs. Charles C. Jackson, Mrs. James Jackson, Jr., Mrs. David P. Kimball, Miss Rose Lamb, Mrs. George C. Lee, Mrs. Joseph Lee, Mrs. J. H. Lewis, Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln, Mrs. Frederick T. Lord, Miss Miriam P. Loring, Mrs. Samuel W. McCall, Mrs. Charles E. Mason, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Miss Eleanor G. May, Miss Emily A. Means, Miss Adelene Moffat, Mrs. Emory T. Morris, Mrs. Robert M. Morse, Mrs. John B. Osborn, Miss Ethel Paine, Mrs. Rodman Peabody, Miss Abby S. Perry, Mrs. John C. Phillips, Mrs. Charles P. Putnam, Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, Mrs. George Putnam, Mrs. James J. Putnam, Mrs. John Richardson, Mrs. Alex. Robinson, Miss Annette P. Rogers, Miss Marian Russell, Miss Lucy S. Sampson, Mrs. Frederick C. Shattuck, Mrs. George R. Shaw, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Jr., Mrs. Richard C. Storey, Miss Alice P. Tapley, Mrs. C. W. Thompson, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Alexander F. Wadsworth, Miss Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Robert M. Washburn, Mrs. Arthur H. Weed, Miss Amy White, Mrs. Edmund A. Whitman, Mrs. Butler R. Wilson, Mrs. Julius Westmoreland, Mrs. Burt Wolbach and Mrs. Roger Wolcott.

Mr. Powell's Rhapsody a Study of Negro Race

DETROIT MICH NEWS
DECEMBER 22 1918
Mr. Brockwell.

(Mr. Powell, being too busy to prepare notes for his "Rhapsodie Negre," sent The News the following article by Mr. Brockwell, an English critic, who has made a special study of Mr. Powell's work and is familiar with his aims and ideals. The article was written for the first performance of the rhapsody.)

THE music of oppressed and subject peoples has always a peculiar charm and fascination, whether it be the passionate despair or mad gaiety of the Hungarian folk music as heard in the rhapsodies of Liszt and the dances of Brahms, or the wild and plaintive pathos of the Pole, as heard in the mazurkas of Chopin, or the opulent and voluptuous abandon of the Spanish Gipsy, as heard in the magic strains of Bizet's "Carmen."

In the case of Negro music, there is over and above such qualities as those above mentioned an additional spirit which lends a peculiar and heightened interest. This interest comes from the fact that the Negro not merely occupies a subordinate position in the political and social organization of our country but is au fond, in spite of the surface polish and restraints imposed by close contact with Caucasian civilization, a genuine primitive. His musical utterance, when really direct, not imitative, brings with it always the breath of the tropical jungle. It is instinct with the fear of tuskless, clawless man, before his stronger, fiercer animal brothers, the helpless terror in the face of mysterious, incomprehensible physical forces, the tragic protest against ineluctable fate, the pathetic resignation to the inevitable.

In addition to this there is still another stronger characteristic of Negro music. The Negro is the child among the peoples and his music shows the unconscious, unbounded gaiety of the child, as well as the child's humor; sometimes Aesopian, often, unfortunately too often, Rabelaisian.

But it has, also, the warm religious emotionality of the child which, at its best, glows with naive simplicity and deep fervor; at its worst, descends to a nadir of frantic sensual fanaticism.

For the Negro, with all the lovable and simple heart of the child has also the mentality of the child, the child's lack of inhibitions and restraints; but he has also the physical impulses of the adult human animal to a passionately poignant extent.

The "Rhapsodie Negre" is an attempt to synthesize these characteristics and present them in a form of organic unity. The rhapsodie opens with a wild plaintive cry, given out by the wood supported by strings. This motive fades away in a mysterious terror stricken tremolo and the piano enters with a rhythm suggestive of distant tom-toms palpitating through the night.

Above this rhythm, is heard in faintest pianissimo a dance motive such as might attend a cannibalistic rite. A sinuous passage writhes snakelike up the whole gamut of the piano, accompanied by panting dissonant sighs from the wood-wind which are interrupted by the original cry of the beginning. This material is developed briefly and culminates in a thunderous and brutal presentment of the dance motive, which resolves into a succession of ominous pianissimo tremolo harmonies on the strings. The original cry is now heard in the lower register of the wood and this whole introductory section comes to an expectant pause with a sinister blow on the tom-tom. The principal theme of the rhapsodie, of wild, plaintive sadness, is now introduced by the piano, unharmonized above a syncopated organpoint. The English horn now takes over the theme, the piano maintaining the syncopations, the strings in tremolo creeping up chromatically through the uncouth tones of the muted brass, like some lurking horror approaching and preparing to pounce upon its victim, the violins now take over the theme, accompanied by even gloomier harmonies. A short development of this material leads to a more quiet moment, characterized by a tragic wail in the higher register of the wood over a frightful dissonance pianissimo in the strings.

A short recitative of the charinet leads into the second theme of the rhapsodie given out by the piano. This theme is a version of the beautiful old hymn, "Swing low sweet chariots, coming for to carry me home." The orchestra now takes over the melody, the piano giving the refrain antiphonally. A short interruption of the wailing motive leads back into the hymn given out by full orchestra accompanied by scintillant figures in piano, celesta and harp, the piano at times reproducing the accoustical effect of chimes. A short transition based on the dance motive leads back into the principal theme, fortissimo in full orchestra, accompanied by thunderous octave passages on the piano. This section fades away with reminiscences of the original cry, which lead into the final section of the work, based on the old hymn tune, "I Want to Be Ready." The fundamental motive of this tune, a strong syncopation, is used to develope in the orchestra a powerful climax, at the height of which the piano announces the full theme. The theme is developed by the different choirs of the orchestra, the rhythms getting wilder and the harmony more suggestive until the music culminates in a frenetic and barbarous announcement of the dance motive on the piano, revealing the fanatic frenzy of a voodoo orgy, which degenerates into a

...ening to smile—then the flood of madness is interrupted for a moment by the "Sweet Chariot" theme, which is, however, incapable of maintaining itself and is overwhelmed in a flood of primal sensuality. The rhapsodie closes with a shriek from the brass, accompanied by a tempestuous glissando streaming up the full range of the piano.

HAYES SCORES AGAIN

The Boston Herald
11-23-18

FOR SECOND TIME NOTED COLORED TENOR FILLS GREAT SYMPHONY HALL IN RECITAL —WORK CAPABLE AND COURAGEOUS

(By Philip Hale, Noted Critic, in Boston Herald Nov. 22, 1918.)

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by a small orchestra and William S. Lawrence, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. He sang these arias and songs: Daniels, Day Break; Douglas-Holt, My Love Is Like a Cry in the Night; Ponchielli, Cielo e Mar; Lehmann, Ah! Moon of My Delight; Massenet, Le Revere, from "Manon"; G. Faure, Clair de lune; Fourdrain, Si tu le veux; Glen, Twilight; Densmore, Kiss Me Good Night; H. T. Burleigh, I Stood on de Ribber ob Jordan; My Lork Who is a Warrior, Peter, Go Ring a dem Bells. Mr. Lawrence's selections were: MacDowell, To the Sea, Danse Andalouse; C. Scott, Lotus Land; Debussy, Clair de lune; Chopin, Polonaise, op. 40, No. 1, Nocturne op. 15, No. 2, Valse in E minor. Frederick L. Mahn conducted. There was a very large audience.

Work Commendable.

Mr. Hayes had the courage to begin with a song by an American composer. This was commendable, not simply because the song was by an American, but because it was a good one. Although the orchestration, whoever made it, was so contrived that it generally covered the voice. The majority of singers, when they sing songs by Americans, put them in a final group, after they have sung in French, in Italian, and—this was true before the war—in German; as much as to say, "I suppose I should pay some respect to American composers. This music is at the very end. You need not stay, for you have already heard me at my best.'"

Was Warmly Applauded—Mr. Hayes Offers Advice—Sang one song in Better Style than Caruso Does.

We enjoy Mr. Hayes singing with a piano, rather than an orchestral accompaniment, and prefer to hear him a smaller hall. The orchestra and a large hall spur him to disadvantageous exertion. His extreme upper tones in the song by Douglas-Holt and in the aria from "Giaconda" were not musical; they were a shriek. This was a pity; for Mr. Hayes has by nature a voice of generous compass and of charming quality throughout. When he did not overexert himself, he gave much pleasure by his voice and art, of which the Herald has spoken on former occasions in no uncertain terms of praise. Having the natural advantage of a beautiful

...ploc, he sings as a rule intelligently, grasping the significance of the verse as well as the music. In the too familiar air from "Pagliacci," which he sang when he was recalled after Ponchielli's air the air that Mr. Caruso now sobs and bawls, there was the genuinely pathetic touch.

Mr. Hayes should remember the old copybook adage: "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." He is too good a singer to be lost by screaming high tones, and though he is a modest man, by thus setting traps for applause. He was warmly applauded last night, as was Mr. Lawrence for his piano solos.

Composer Wins Laurels

The Christian Register
6-1-18

Dave Payton

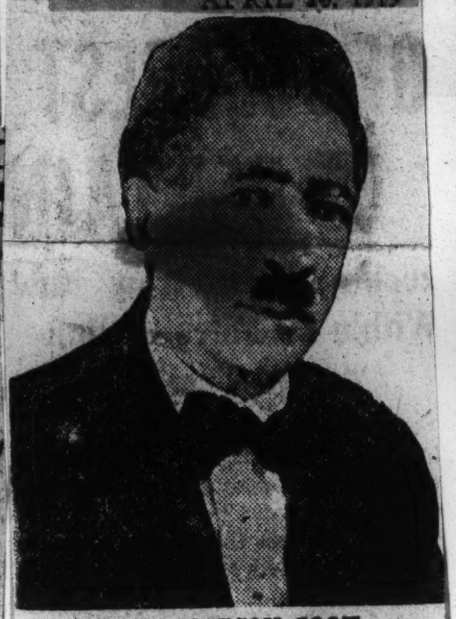
Dave Payton, who has a studio in the Randolph Bldg., handling all the western business of the Waterson, Berlin and Snyders, ran up against the musical problem of his life when he undertook to set music to the photo-drama, "The Homesteader," an eight-reel picture. Mr. Payton, better known in musical circles as "Dave," enjoys the reputation of arranging all the best music for every musical show in Chicago and he is as well known on Broadway as he is on State street in Chicago. Any time a big muddle comes up in the arranging of music the unanimous call is for "Dave." If "Dave" can't straighten it out it can't be done; but the moving picture business is new to him—but he won out.

The manager of the big picture went from one composer to another only to be turned down—no one wanted to attack such a gigantic proposition till some one advised that he try "Dave." So he did. He found "Dave" and "Dave," without even looking, said he would arrange the music for the picture. A contract was signed, but when Dave reviewed the picture he found that it required more skill to arrange the music that would be required to write a grand opera score. Music to a big moving picture is as essential as the picture itself and all critics comment upon the music as much as on the picture itself. The only com-

...ment anyone has been able to get out of Dave after five nights' work was a smile: "It's done—but—Nev...in!'"

Brings Negro Songs

MILWAUKEE WIS. NEWS
APRIL 26, 1919



WILL MARION COOK.

The real Negro "classic" music will be rendered and interpreted in the Pabst theater Sunday night when the New York Syncopated orchestra, comprising fifty Negro musicians and performers, will be heard in recital and concert.

The orchestra, brought here under the direction of Richard Koebner, is one of the most unusual musical organizations in the world. Will Marion Cook, the noted Negro composer and director of the orchestra, is endeavoring to give to the world the real Negro music.

Numbered among the artists of the company are some of the most noted women singers, musicians, entertainers and dancers of the Negro race in America. A program representing every phase of music will be presented.

Five Hundred Negro Voices In Musical Recital

Journal and Guide 6-8-18

Hampton, Va.—Five hundr...rich Negro voices singing with fir...pirit, tone, and attack the ight-p...Raal choruses and interpreting fo...large audience the leading num...rs of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Cowen's "Rose Maiden"; five hundred singers assisted by soloists—Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, Dr. J. T. Lattimore, Miss Bessie L. Drew, and Miss Clara D. H. Smith, threw themselves wholeheartedly into big numbers of "Elijah"—these are the impressions one carries away from the recent Hampton Institute spring concert, which was given with the effective and adequate accompaniment of Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett.

Unique Choruses.

...skillful direction of R. Nathaniel Dett, director of vocal music at Hampton Institute since 1913, who has been making distinct contributions to American art through his religious folk-song choruses.

"Weeping Mary" and "I'll Never Turn Back No More,"—two new new choruses,—written in his characteristic style, have just been published by J. Fischer and Brother, Bible House, New York. These choruses are founded on Negro folk-song themes. They are four-part choruses for mixed voices and are to be sung unaccompanied. These unique folk-song choruses have already been enthusiastically received by prominent musicians and choir directors.

Other interesting choral productions of this composer—pianist include: "Listen to the Lambs," "O Holy Lord," and "Music in the Mine," all published by G. Schirmer.

CONTEMPORAR... AMERICAN MUS...

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
MAY 25, 1918

HARRY THACKER BURLEIGH, Negro composer and singer, was born in Erie, Pa., on Dec. 2, 1867. Educated in the Erie High School. He had the opportunity of hearing the greatest musical artists of the day at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Russell of Erie. Studied singing in Erie, and sang in the church choirs of the city. In 1892, hearing of the scholarship given at the National Conservatory of Music, he came to New York City to compete, before such judges as Joseffy, Romualdo Sapio, Adele Margulies and others. Through the special aid of Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Burleigh received a scholarship to this conservatory, of which Anton Dvorak was head. There he studied voice with Christian Fritsch, harmony with Rubin Goldmark, counterpoint with John White and Max Spicker. He played double bass and later tympani in the Conservatory orchestra, conducted by Frank Van der Stucken and Gustav Heinrichs. Earned his way at the conservatory by singing during the summers at the Bethesda Episcopal Church in Saratoga. He also aided Dvorak by copying orchestral parts of the "New World" Symphony, for its first performance by the Philharmonic Society. Later he taught voice and solfeggio for two years at the Conservatory.

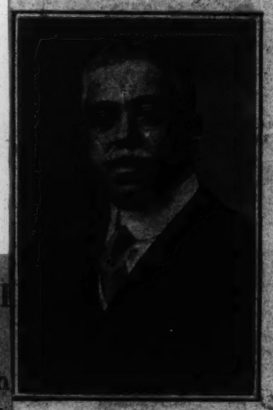


Photo by Mishkin
H. T. Burleigh

In 1894 in competition he won the position of baritone singer at St. George's Church in New York. Three years later he won a similar post in the choir of Temple Emanu-el, and both of the offices he has held since. He has toured Europe and America in concert, becoming especially famous by his interpretation if his Negro melodies. Besides his settings of Negro Spirituals, Burleigh has composed many songs, including "Love's Garden," "Jean," "Passionale," "Memory," "A Prayer," "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," "The Grey Wolf" and others.

HANDY'S BAND TO PLAY AT NORMAL SCHOOL TUESDAY

The Montgomery Adv.
May 5, 1918

Tuesday night May 7, at the State Normal School of this city one of the greatest musical concerts given in this city will be rendered by the famous Handy's Band under the direction of Prof. W. C. Handy, one of the most noted musicians in the world. Handy's band is known all over America and for the past several months have been playing almost exclusively at the various big cantonments where their music is received with wild enthusiasm by the soldiers. They came to Montgomery after filling a big engagement at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., and in the large auditorium of that city. Both white and colored citizens count it a rare treat to have the opportunity to listen to this famous musical organization.

Prof. Handy is a native of Athens, Ala., but for many years has resided in Memphis Tenn. He is the author of the famous Memphis Blues and many other popular musical productions.

While in the city Handy's Band will play a few choice selections before the offices of the newspapers.

Negro "Spiritual" Features Concert of Schola Cantorum

N Y C TRIBUNE
APRIL 10, 1918

A brand new negro "spiritual," sung with inimitable spirit by Harry T. Burleigh and a male chorus, was the most memorable item in the concert given last night in Carnegie Hall by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, under Kurt Schindler's direction. The song, "collected" by Natalie Curtis Burlin, was sung exactly as it was sung in camp meeting by the negroes themselves.

Besides this, there was a Zuni Indian tune, a thing of exquisite beauty, harmonized by Harvey Worthington Loomis; some new Finnish songs for male chorus, one by Sibelius and another by a younger composer, one Toivo Kuula, and two ballads from the Kentucky mountains, collected by Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway. Other songs, Russian and Slavonic, which have been heard at previous concerts of the Schola Cantorum, completed the programme. The soloists, besides Mr. Burleigh, were Ethel Rust Mellor, Marie Van Essen, Stassio Berini and Boris Saslawsky. The chorus sang splendidly, and the whole evening was so interesting as to call for more extended comment later.